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DETROIT

PUNCH



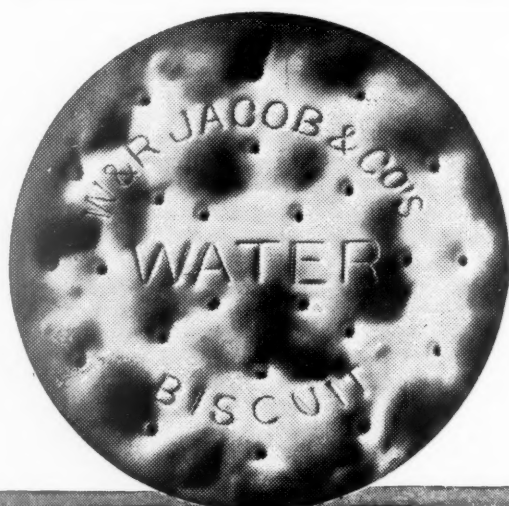
AUGUST
24
1949

Vol. CCXVII
No. 5673

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Delicious
SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE
assorted flavours—now obtainable in
the new attractive *Rendezvous* box



JACOB'S

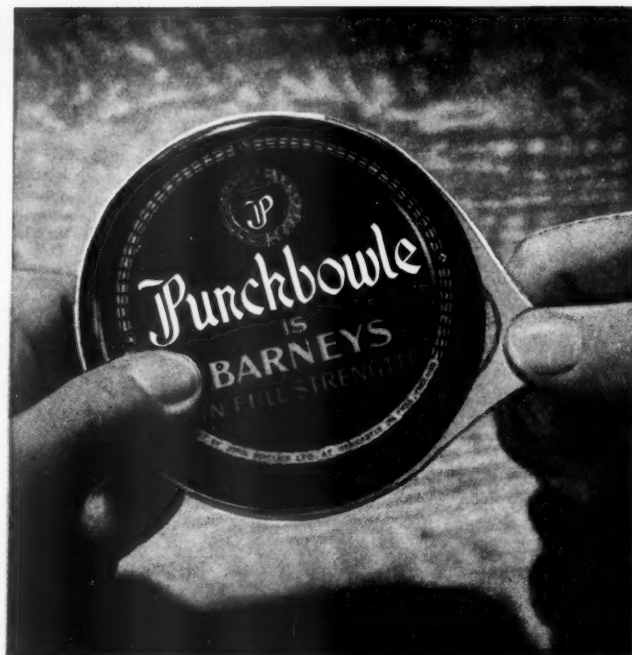


Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like.

★ Also specially packed for world-wide export

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND



—packing in perfect
condition, one year
after shipwreck—
an echo from Tobruk

(The originals of all letters reproduced in
the Barneys Advertising can be inspected.)

To John Sinclair Ltd.

March 8, 1949

I was very much interested in reading your advertisement in
the "Geographical Magazine."

In early 1943, when I was in Tobruk with 8th Army, a
N.A.F.F.I. boat was wrecked on the rocks on the South side of the
harbour. My Regt. had a S/L site close by and they soon helped
themselves to what there was to be found. Amongst the booty were
some tins of Barneys Punchbowl which had been under water for
some days. I had the pleasure of smoking it for nearly a year
afterwards. It was in perfect condition, showing that the
packing was faultless.

Some days ago I met an old 8th Army friend who also had
some, and in fact finished the last in N. Italy in March 1945.

Yours faithfully,

Late Capt. (27 S/L Regt. R.A.)

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

★
Barneys (medium), Punchbowl (full), Parsons Pleasure (mild)
Home Prices. 4/3½ the oz. each.

(310) MANUFACTURERS: JOHN SINCLAIR LTD., NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE (L)



SAY IT BY CABLE

YOU CAN CABLE FROM YOUR HOME

IF YOU'RE ON THE TELEPHONE

Send your cables this way. Ring the nearest Cable & Wireless Office, or ask exchange for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message. Otherwise hand it in at any Cable & Wireless branch or any Post Office. You can send a social message to any part of the Commonwealth for 5d. a word (minimum 5/-). To some parts it costs less.

GREETINGS LETTER TELEGRAM
5/-
GLT.

CABLE & WIRELESS LIMITED

Electra House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2

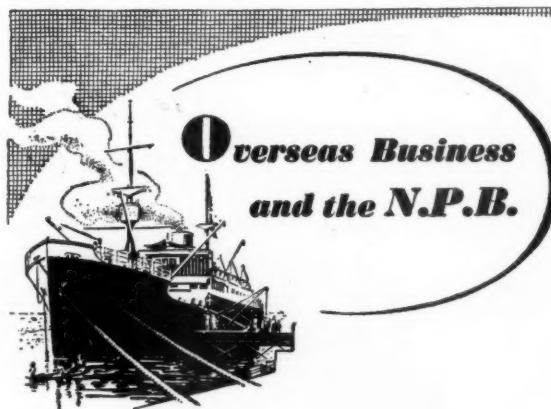


"Do you know this firm Fred?"

"No! and I'm not very impressed. Look at the typing. As a matter of fact, that's one of the very reasons why the gov'nor standardised on Imperial typewriters. He wanted to make sure that all our letters created good first impressions".

Imperial Typewriters
are worth waiting for

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED, LEICESTER, ENG.



Through its representatives abroad, the Overseas Branch of the NPB is in a position to assist customers with problems concerning transactions in all parts of the world.

Vital information relative to shipping, local marketing conditions, currency transfers, etc., is constantly collated, checked and kept up-to-date. You are invited to make use of this service of the NPB.

National Provincial Bank
LIMITED

NPB
for service



Take it from me

PHILLIPS wafer-thin
Superfine Stick-a-Soles,
securely fixed with Solution
only, will keep your shoes
as smart as new.
They are invisible in wear.

Phillips
STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS
*double the life
of your shoes*

FELLS



*Shippers of
fine wines
for a
century*



John E. Fells & Sons Ltd 56-58 Tooley St. S.E.1

TOMORROW

**and every
day throughout the year**

... someone will be celebrating a birthday, or
maybe a wedding anniversary or other intimate
occasion. Keep in mind these special dates and
make certain that your relatives
and friends are not overlooked
—a Greeting Card will bring
them so much happiness and joy.

*The GREETING CARD and
CALENDAR ASSOCIATION*

DRINK

**EVANS'
CIDER**

from the
**"GOLDEN PIPPIN"
MILLS**

*You'll
enjoy it*

SOLE MAKERS

**WILLIAM EVANS & CO. (HEREFORD
AND DEVON) LTD.**
WIDEMARSH, HEREFORD. Established 1850.



TRADE MARK
(Regd.)

— 7 HEARING AIDS . . . —

... give over fifty variations of tone
and power, including Microphonic and
Magnetic Hearing.

Different types of deafness call for different
aids . . . You are earnestly advised to use
a Hearing Aid of *proved* performance,
designed and adjusted by experts for your
particular case. After 26 years of constant
research and genuine service to the DEAF,
OssiCaide have a range of seven superb
aids which, with expert fitting and adjust-
ment for the individual, are capable of
over fifty different variations in tone and
power. Each aid is a technical triumph
... one of them will give you nearest-to-
normal hearing.

**GREAT NEWS! OSSICAIDE'S
LATEST ACHIEVEMENT**

Model R.P.14—Just perfected—is the
smallest efficient hearing aid ever offered to
the Deaf. Study these features:

- 1 NO BATTERY PACK OR CORDS
- 2 3 Valve Amplifier
- 3 CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
- 4 TONE CONTROL
- 5 Air & Bone Conduction Earpiece
- 6 Size only 3 7/8" x 1 1/8" x 1 1/8"
- 7 Weight less than 4 1/2 ozs.

All OssiCaide Hearing Aids are fully
guaranteed.

22/24, Kensington Church
Street, London, W.8.
WESTERN 8750.

Send to-day for details of an aid to
give you clear full-tone hearing . . .
one which can be concealed . . . one
which you can have now. Also FREE
copy of "The Theory and
Practice of Magnetic Hearing."

19/20, Mansfield Chambers,
17, St. Ann's Square,
Manchester 2.
BLACKBIRN 0077.

OssiCaide

(Victor A. Foot, F.I.P.I., A.M.Inst.B.E.)
Dept. 53

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

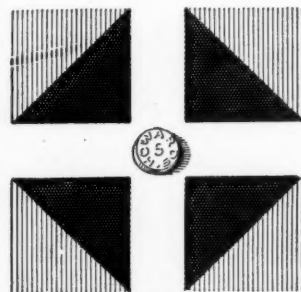
**MY CLOTHES ARE
ALWAYS SO NEAT!
& FRESH!**

The reason is simple, I use
"JUMBO", a modern Garment
Bag by JEKMOH, which pro-
tects clothes from MOTH, DUST
and DAMP. "JUMBO's" 36" zipp
opening gives quick, easy access.
Material, extra strong reinforced
transparent treated plastic, in 4
colours. Zipp gives aeration.
Its strong rust-proofed steel frame
will hold 9 garments on hangers,
and a swivel hook facilitates hang-
ing. Size 56" x 19 1/2" x 7 1/2".
A man's dinner or dress suit needs
JEKMOH protection. Obtainable
at all leading Departmental Stores
price 33.9 each. If you are unable to obtain
locally write direct to:



JEKMOH
** Clothes Protection **
JEKMOH HOME STORE Ltd., Jekmoth House
15 Lillie Rd. Fulham S.W.6 Tel: Fulham 7838-9

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL
BALANCED
LIQUEUR
A Century
of World-wide
Reputation
1849 — 1949



**THE LITTLE THAT
MATTERS SO MUCH**

The test of aspirin is
its purity. Just
because of its purity
Howards Aspirin costs
a little more.

**HOWARDS
ASPIRIN**

*It is not the cheapest
— it is the best.*



Made by **HOWARDS**
OF ILFORD
Established 1797

CLEARLY Ferranti

FOR SIGHT



AND SOUND

FERRANTI LTD. MOSTON, MANCHESTER 10
and 36 KINGSWAY, LONDON, WC2



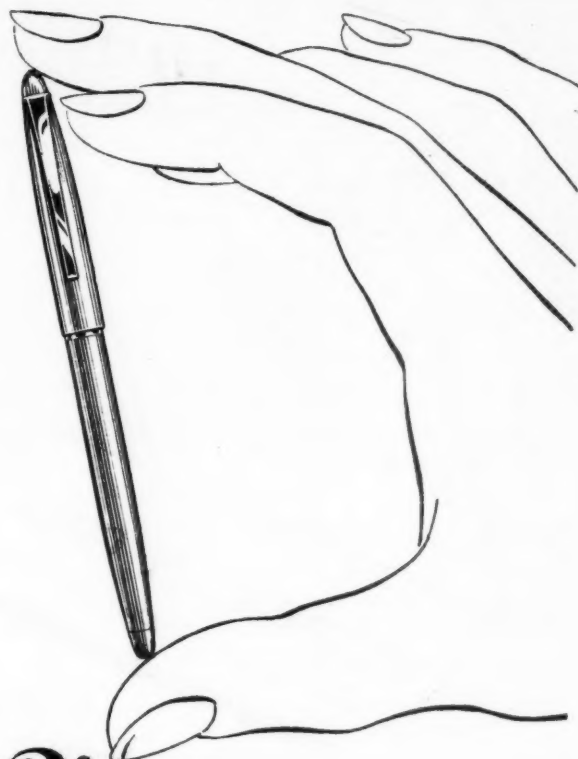
For over half a century

STATE EXPRESS 555

have maintained their
reputation as the best
cigarettes in the world



Export Packing



Biro presents Biroette

the pen planned for a purpose

You cannot fail to admire the graceful lines of this newcomer to the Biro family.

Biroette is planned to give greater convenience as well as reliable service. It slips into a lady's handbag as neatly as it slides unobtrusively into a man's pocket. And feel how light it is—it glides over the paper like thistledown.

Yet this slim elegance contrives to carry no small degree of writing service. Biroette refills are specially designed for long life.

Biroette is sure of a welcome from the start, for it is just what so many people need.

Biroette is sold in four attractive colours, blue, maroon, grey, black.

PRICE 13/9d.
BIROETTE REFILLS 1/10d.
(Prices include tax)

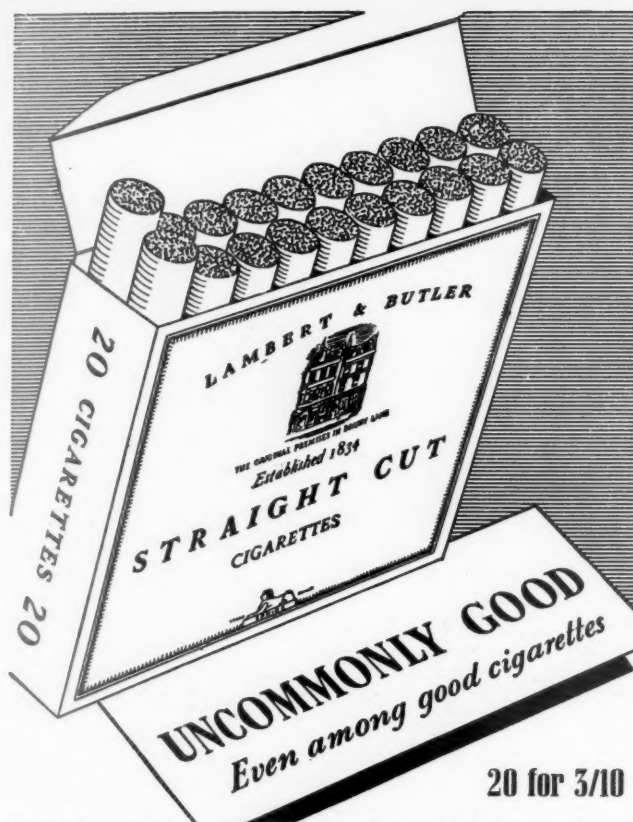


Biroette

Regd.

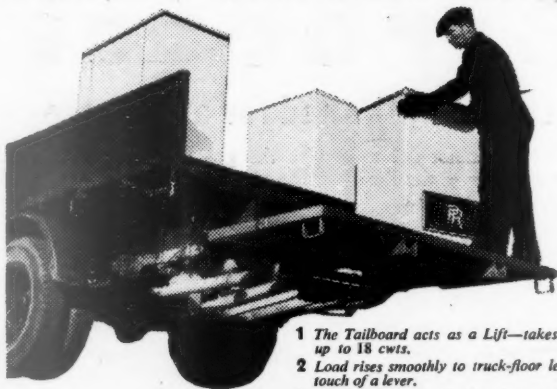
a pen with
a thought—
for your
convenience





Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S.C.4C.

MAKE EVERY LOAD A ONE-MAN JOB!



- 1 The Tailboard acts as a Lift—takes loads up to 18 cwt.
- 2 Load rises smoothly to truck-floor level at touch of a lever.
- 3 Loading complete, loader shuts easily as normal Tailboard.

ANTHONY HYDRAULIC TAILBOARD LOADER

See how this modern loading unit simplifies handling... brings a new efficiency to transport operations. Users have found that they can save its initial cost within a few months. Send today for illustrated brochure and details of demonstration facilities.

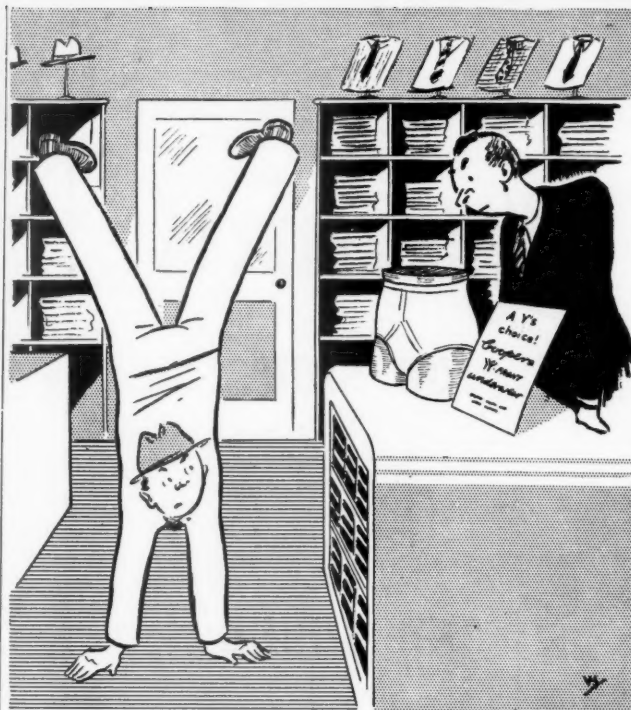
Prevent damage in handling—valuable goods are handled with ease and safety.

Speed delivery—less manhandling means quicker loading and unloading.

Cut your costs—reduction of time and labour involved in handling gives more profit per vehicle.

Anthony Hoists Ltd

BRAINTREE ROAD, SOUTH RUISLIP, MIDDLESEX. TEL.: RUISLIP 6011



"I want some of that Y-front underwear"

Coopers Y-front Underwear is sold by good Men's Shops everywhere and manufactured exclusively in Great Britain by

LYLE AND SCOTT LTD., ARGYLL ST., LONDON, W.1. FACTORIES AT HAWICK, SCOTLAND

David Cope's Gallery OF FAMOUS RACEHORSES



SPEARMINT (1903) bay colt by Carbine-Maid of the Mint

Bred at the Sledmere Stud by Sir Tatton Sykes and purchased for 300 guineas by Major Eustace Loder, Spearmint was one of the cheapest horses to win the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. As a two-year-old, he ran only three races and won only the first—the Great Foal Plate at Lingfield. His legs were not strong and his effort in winning the Grand Prix so soon after the Derby ended his racing days. Spearmint was a great success at stud—in Great Britain and Ireland his stock won 295 races worth £166,855.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd., have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?



DAVID COPE Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"



“Water lifted over water? Insane!” they said

IN THE YEAR 1760, men doubted James Brindley's sanity. In his construction of the Worsley Canal, near Manchester, this engineer proposed to build an aqueduct nearly fifty feet above the River Irwell — thus performing the feat, at that time thought impossible, of “lifting water over water”. Within a year he had carried his canal across the river; it was known at the time as “the eighth wonder of the world”.

The determination of men like Brindley is playing its part in modern Britain, in the development of our electrical resources. “Impossible” feats are being performed to give the nation enough electricity for its expanding industries. For the general public, restrictions on the use of electricity during “off-peak” hours are already being lifted; and, as electricity becomes more plentiful, new methods of application will bring ever greater comfort and convenience to British families.



The Electrical Development Association continually studies and promotes new methods of increasing industrial production by the skilled application of electricity. Call at your Electricity Service Centre, or write E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2



YOU SLEEP— WE COUNT THE SHEEP

HOWEVER transient the phenomenon, Evershed's can record it—with indisputable accuracy. From single up to twenty simultaneous recordings. Evershed Recorders work a 168 hour week, often in unattended positions, saving manpower and producing the facts to aid efficient management quickly and economically. Send for publication No. P.H.222.

EVERSHED AND VIGNOLES LTD

ACTON LANE · CHISWICK · LONDON · W4

Evershed Indicators and Recorders · Megger Testers

5/114

50 years ago

*Cabby . . . Butcher . . . Soldier
... Coster . . . Muffin-man . . .
A snap-hand of worthy characters
from the Venesta album of
memories. Their costumes have
altered but the tradition per-
sists: in half-a-century's time
there will still be ample material
to demonstrate the British way
of life.*



We have faith, too, in fifty years' time Venesta Limited will still have retained their leading position in the manufacture of Plywood and other laminated products, plain or beautifully veneered. It will be our endeavour always to maintain the highest possible degree of service and quality — attributes to which we have given the greatest attention in our first fifty years. No doubt there will be new products evolved to extend the present range, but only when it is assured that they are of a calibre to enhance our reputation.

Soon, it is hoped, there will be an end to the difficulties which beset the World and Britain's fine materials will once again be freely available to fulfil Britain's needs. Until then, Venesta Ltd. will continue to co-operate to the utmost in overcoming problems due to restrictions.

TODAY, with first-class research and manufacturing resources and the accumulated knowledge of fifty years' experience, Venesta Limited serves Industry with the following Products:—

VENESTA PLYWOOD, commercial and veneered; PLYMAX, the metal-faced plywood; VENDURA, the veneered aluminium; PLYWOOD CONTAINERS, TEA CHESTS and RUBBER CASES; LAMINATED PLASTICS; METAL FOILS; COLLAPSIBLE TUBES for toothpaste and similar materials.

VENESTA



VENESTA LIMITED, VINTRY HOUSE, QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4
Telephone: CENTRAL 3060

575-141

Specially made to resist
SEA AIR, HOT SUN,
CITY SMOKE & RAIN (OUTDOORS)
STEAMY ROOMS & HARD WEAR
 (INDOORS)

Brolac

DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT WITH
 THE ENAMEL FINISH

made from HANKOL, the special
 flexible, waterproof, tough and
 long-lasting paint medium

And—for General Purpose Painting

Bristol

HARD GLOSS ENAMEL PAINT

now also incorporating HANKOL to ensure
 long life and maximum protection



JOHN HALL & SONS
 (BRISTOL & LONDON)
 LTD., HENGROVE,
 BRISTOL, 4

PURELY PERSONAL

ONE ACT PLAYS a big part in
 the evening's enjoyment—the
 act of lighting a King Six Cigar
 (1/7 each).

Does your Head need a tonic?

Nature sometimes needs a
 helping hand. When the natu-
 ral oils of the head require a
 little stimulant to restore life
 to the hair, Rowland's
 Macassar Oil is the ideal
 choice. Rowland's very special
 formula originated in 1793. Its
 gentle Otto of Roses perfume
 and its gentle way of caring for
 the hair have held approval of
 discerning men and women
 ever since.

—Since 1793

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL

the choice of discerning men and women

7/1

DOLCIN

REG. TRADE MARK

AN IMPORTANT AMERICAN DISCOVERY FOR RELIEVING
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS

DOLCIN has brought relief to countless sufferers
 from rheumatic disorders in America and Canada.
 NOW it is being made available for you. A com-
 pound of succinate-salicylate, DOLCIN provides
 PROMPT RELIEF from the painful symptoms of
 Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago and
 Fibrositis. PROLONGED RELIEF is also given
 because DOLCIN contains substances which
 improve the supply of blood and oxygen to the
 affected tissues. DOLCIN has PROMPT ACTION
 and is also NON-TOXIC: it will not harm the
 heart or any other organ and can be safely taken
 for long periods to eliminate the rheumatic activity
 in severe cases.

Your chemist stocks DOLCIN. Try it today if
 you suffer from any of the ailments in the rheumatic
 group. 100 tablets for 10/- including purchase tax.

★ DOLCIN ★

DOLCIN, 110, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The
VAPEX
 trio—



There are now three ways of
 using Vapex. For Head Colds
 the vapour is inhaled from the
 handkerchief or the end of the
 pillow, or from the NEW Vapex
 Inhaler. For Chest Colds there
 is the NEW Vapex-Volatol for
 local application as a stimulating
 ointment-liniment.

VAPEX
 INHALANT INHALER VOLATOL

Known and appreciated for
 more than 30 years. Put a drop
 on your handkerchief each
 morning and on the end of
 your pillow at night.
 Breathe the vapour. 2/6

Ideal for use during the
 day. Unobtrusive, convenient
 —Simply pull off the cap.
 It is supplied ready for use and
 easily recharged from a
 standard bottle of Vapex 1/3

Vapex in ointment form for
 rubbing on the chest. Handy
 tube pack. Non-greasy, does
 not stain the skin or clothing.
 Vapex-Volatol warms,
 soothes and penetrates. 1/9

V29

Made in England by THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., Vale of Bardsey, Lancashire

Goodbye TRAVEL SICKNESS

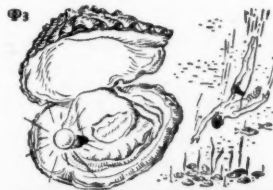


ENJOY EVERY JOURNEY WITH
KWELLS—THE D-DAY FORMULA

Men, women and children have
 found a whole new world of
 enjoyment in travelling, now that
 Kwells have removed all travel
 qualms. These wonderful little
 tablets are the result of wartime
 research to prevent sea- and air-
 sickness among our troops before
 assault landings. The formula to
 which Kwells are made had to work
 and leave no after effects. Countless
 happy travellers bless Kwells now.
 Take them on every journey.



FROM CHEMISTS—1/6



HARD TO FIND

like **Vantella Shirts**
 to match **Van Heusen Collars**
 Cotella Ltd., Oxford St., W.1

RIGHT FOR HIM

RIGHT FOR HER

WRITE FOR EVER

Life Long
 PROPELLING PENCILS

HALF
 ACTUAL
 SIZE

Henry Cotton

himself
designed and recommends

LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles, Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

Their Cork-Tips make smoking
-Cleaner!

**Craven
'A'**

made with
rich, fine
tobacco



WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT



Making Light Work of your Lighting Mains

..... and other electric mains, too.

A new technique developed by a J. & P. research team enables aluminium with all its superior qualities to be used in place of the customary lead for sheathing electric power cables.

J. & P.

SEAMLESS ALUMINIUM SHEATHED CABLES

Another development by

JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD. LONDON, S.E.7

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CABLE MAKERS SINCE 1875



"I do like," says the Toucan,
 "To be beside the blue.
 "With Guinness Time in view can
 "You guess what Toucan do?"

G.E.1504.G



Preparing
 to be a
 Beautiful
 Lady

Daddy planted the flower boxes just for Judy. She loves to tend them and play at make-believe she has a real garden. She understands, though, that her flowers must have extra-special care if they are to flourish on a city window. Just as Mummy knows that there is one certain way to keep the perfection of Judy's complexion — Pears Soap and clear water which are surely Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

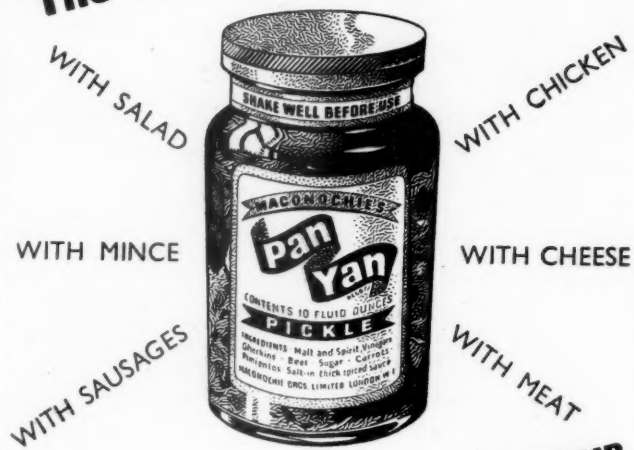
PEARS SOAP

Now obtainable — PEAR'S TALCUM POWDER — wonderfully refreshing and keeps skin cool and comfortable. Discreetly perfumed and delicately tinted 1/gd. (inc. tax).

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

TP 271A/1059

The famous sweet pickle ...



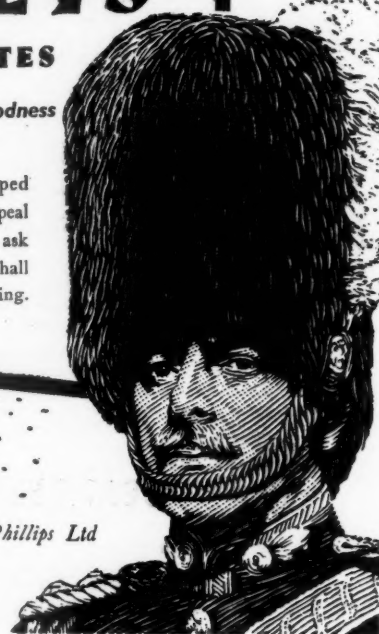
TRUST Maconochies FOR FLAVOUR

'Second to None' GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness
 tobacco

Plain or cork-tipped
 'Greys' will always appeal
 to those smokers who ask
 of a cigarette that it shall
 be pleasant and satisfying.

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd





CHARIVARIA

WITH reference to the struggle to keep the "S" out of Tate & Lyle, many people seem equally concerned to keep the "A" out of Steel.

"The trouble with expanding tables is their instability," says a writer. Nevertheless, there should be a guarantee that their leaves are non-deciduous.



In a recent interview an old lady said that in her day men hardly ever stopped to gaze at young women's bathing costumes. Nowadays, of course, it isn't necessary to stop at all.

"It was reported by the Entertainments Committee that Kiddermminster Prize Bank had been engaged to give afternoon and evening performances in Mary Stevens Park on Sunday."

Local paper

Well, they ought to be strong in the brass section.

A country rambler reports that while walking across a field he saw a large swarm of bees rise suddenly from a ditch and disappear from view, buzzing with excitement. No doubt they had settled on a bed of nettles and lost.

Queue control is better than it was. When stocks of one line are exhausted, attendants go outside and inform waiting customers what they are now queueing for.

The winning of several comparatively minor British sports' titles by Americans recently rather lends force to complaints that the quality of our exports is deteriorating.

Still Versatile

"Mr. Winston Churchill has distinguished himself by winning the female dairy shorthorn championship, with his own Gratwicke Beatrice second."

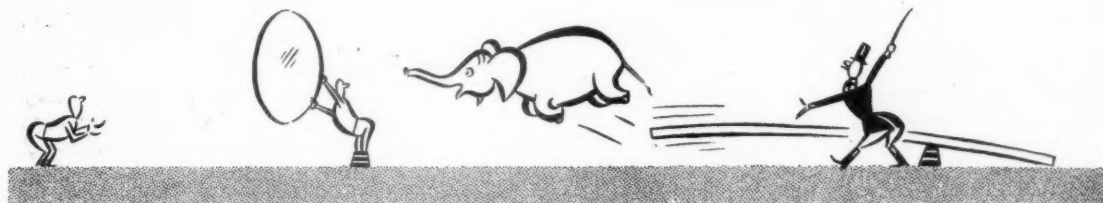
"News Chronicle"

An American woman-journalist says the British have become a slow-motion nation. There are statics to prove this.

"MORDEN PARK. . . As pretty as a picture and nestling in a wide concrete road only 4 mins. buses to Morden Tube or Raynes Park Station."—*House agent's advt.*

Quite by-pastoral.

A circus proprietor points out that it takes many years to become a successful trainer of elephants. One starts with performing fleas, naturally, and works one's way up.



PARADISE DISDAINED

WHENAS the Lord reversed one day His judgment
of Assize,
Which barred the sons of Adam from the Earthly
Paradise,
Saint Michael sheathed his sword of flame and opened
wide the Gate,
To men of every race and creed, of high or low estate.

They flocked from the three corners of the round and
rolling world
And straightway into Paradise in ecstasy they swirled.
The memory of Babel's all-dividing speech was lost,
And each man knew upon his lips the tongues of
Pentecost.
The lamb beside the lion laid, whose tail gave ne'er a
twitch,
The poor exchanged a kindly word at random with the
rich,
And every journalist on earth, redeeming misery's debt,
Became Joint-Editor-in-Chief, The Glassy Sea Gazette.

There was no talk of politics. There was no thought
of war.
The fabulous Garden flowered as it never had before.

Now, this was on a Monday as we count terrestrial Time—
Ere Wednesday evening's Angelus began its blessed
chime
A whispering, a murmuring, a muttering began
And up and down the scale it went, and through the
Garden ran;

It was, of course, the English, who, ever since the
Fall,
Had known but little laziness, and no content at all.

Though granted Pentecostal tongues, they felt but
ill-at-ease
A-talking free to foreigners in comic languages.

They were drawn, as iron filings by a magnet drawn
together.
They gathered, and they grunted, and they grumbled
at the weather:
For they deemed drought certain, and they feared
another Flood,
Some swore the weather signs were bad, some vowed
they were too good;
One told another such conditions couldn't last;
Smith was dubious of the future, Robinson recalled
the past,
Brown said The Glassy Sea Gazette was simply packed
with lies,
And Jones agreed "Indeed, indeed, this *can't* be
Paradise."

On Saturday, on Saturday, hill, valley, sea, and
plain
Rejoiced because the Good Lord God had changed His
mind again—
Because the rest of mankind knows what Paradise is
worth—
All except the English. They understand the Earth.

R. C. SCRIVEN

BLACK MARKET

"MIND you, I thought at the
time it was too good to last,"
he said.

"Thought what was too good to
last?" we said.

"This coal-well," he said.

"This what?" we asked.

"I don't know what else you'd
call it," he said. "Odd, you know,
when I dug this well I wasn't
expecting it to be a coal-well. I
wasn't expecting it for a moment.
I was after water. A private water-
supply, gentlemen, is a splendid thing
to have. It's a funny thing about
this country — there's always a
drought just when you want water
most. So I went all over my garden
holding a forked hazel-twigg in my
hands until I found this well."

"Oh?" we said, interested. "Are
you a dowser?"

"No," he said. "I found the well
by putting my foot through it. The
hazel-twigg didn't notice a thing."

"Thought you said you dug it
yourself?" we said.

"I dug it out. It had got rotten
old boards over it, and there were
brambles and nettles all round six
foot high. Well hidden, it was."

"Then you can hardly blame the
hazel-twigg for failing to discern it,"
we suggested. "Especially if it
turned out to be coal and not water,
after all."

"I rigged up a windlass affair
and sent a bucket down on the end
of a clothes-line. Then I hauled
the bucket up, and found it was
full of coal."

"No water?" we said.

"No. Just coal, dry as a bone.
It was a great surprise to me. I sent

the bucket down again, to see if it
had been a mistake the first time.
It hadn't. Before dark, I'd hauled
up three-and-twenty buckets of
coal.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't mind
telling you I took a little holiday
from work and concentrated on my
coal-well. I thought I'd better get
out all I could before it dried up.
It didn't seem disposed to dry up,
though. I soon had my coal-shed
crammed so full the coal was flowing
out of the windows. Took my wife
aback a bit. 'What's this?' she
says. 'Coal come off the ration?'
'Not it!' I says. 'It's just back-
garden produce, that's all. They
can't ration that any more than
they can force your hens to restrict
their output to the general shell-egg
allocation.' 'You don't mean to say



THE ONLY WAY OUT

"Why not lash them together?"



"Could you tell me where they are going to live?"

you grew this coal?' says my wife. 'Well,' I says, 'seeing it comes out of my garden, I suppose I did.' And back I went for a few more buckets.

"Well, gentlemen, after the coal-shed was stuffed to the roof, I filled up the wash-house and the tool-shed and the space under the sink and the other bedroom, but when I began to stack it along the front passage my wife kicked. 'It's all very nice, I'm sure, having all this coal,' she says, 'but you never think of the extra work it means for me, with coal-dust, coal-dust everywhere. I wish you'd find somewhere else to keep it. Why can't you just pile it outside in the garden?' 'What?' I says, 'and let the whole district know about it? Why, the Government would be round like a shot from a gun to nationalize us. How'd you like to find yourself living in a nationalized house?' I says. 'Well, then,' she says, 'you just keep what we want for ourselves, and sell off the rest.'

"So I'm telling you now, gentlemen—if any of you can do with a bag or two of nice, home-grown coal at any time, I'm the man to come to. Only keep it to yourselves, because the well's run dry at last."

"Run dry?" we said. "How's that?"

"Why, see," he said, "a couple of days ago my wife called out to me to get some coal in for the kitchen stove. Forgetting I'd only got to put my hand out for it, I went out to the well and sent the bucket down. I thought she was pretty heavy to wind in, and when she came up there was a young fellow in a helmet sitting astride her. 'Well, I'm damned!' he said. 'So it's *your* bucket I've been filling as fast as it came down for the past six weeks! Took it for granted it belonged to the pit,' he says, 'and I thought I'd come up with it this time and ask 'em for Pete's sake to install more modern equipment.'

Seems the colliery five miles away has got a shaft running right under my garden. My well must be an old private digging. After a bit of talk I dropped him a quid to keep his mouth shut and lowered him back to work. So that's that. Sources of supply now cut off. But I want to get rid of most of what I've got left. 'Course, it'll cost you a bit extra, but I don't think you can grumble at ten bob a hundredweight. You'll generally find me here, if you want any."

And, drinking up, he nodded and went out.

"Didn't know there was a colliery in the district," we said to the landlord.

"There isn't," he said.

"But that man who's just gone out . . ." we said.

"Didn't tell you he worked in a coal-mine, did he?" said the landlord. "You must've misunderstood him. He *delivers* coal—for the local coal merchant."

TARANTELLA

BEFORE the "Curtain-up," an hour to go.
Open the score, and find the stubborn page;
Take up the 'cello in the dim-lit understage;
Tune the firm strings, and draw the tautened bow.

From quivering string a tremor runs;
The notes fly fast above the bridge;
Scales and arpeggios, singing tunes
Fall in cascade across the ridge,
Swirling about the steely pin
In seething stir, and foaming din.

Out from the pointed peg they fly
In spreading wave upon the dark:
Raising the air's intensity
They charge the dust with living spark.

From centre point the web spins out
In humming rings across the room
Weaving, invisible and taut
A quivering snare to span the gloom.

A vibrant stir
Excites the air
Across the floor
From door to door.
From hidden haunt in splintered board
Round jagged nail, from rat-hole smooth;

From music pile: from inky pool
That stains a shadow on the shade;
From crusty corner choked with web
All littered with the papery husks
Of tortured insects, trapped and sucked,

And hung—pale rustling skeletons:
Out of the very dust itself
Is conjured up the spider host.
And from the secret sunken hole
The curious, greedy, spider eyes
Peer out upon the trembling air:
And spidery senses hear the stir
Of mute, mesmeric whisperings
That seek them out, and call them up

And draw them on in gathering haste:

The flickering filaments of legs
In thready maze move out and in
And ever on, to touch the hub,
The magic source of sorcery,
The spinning point of ecstasy.

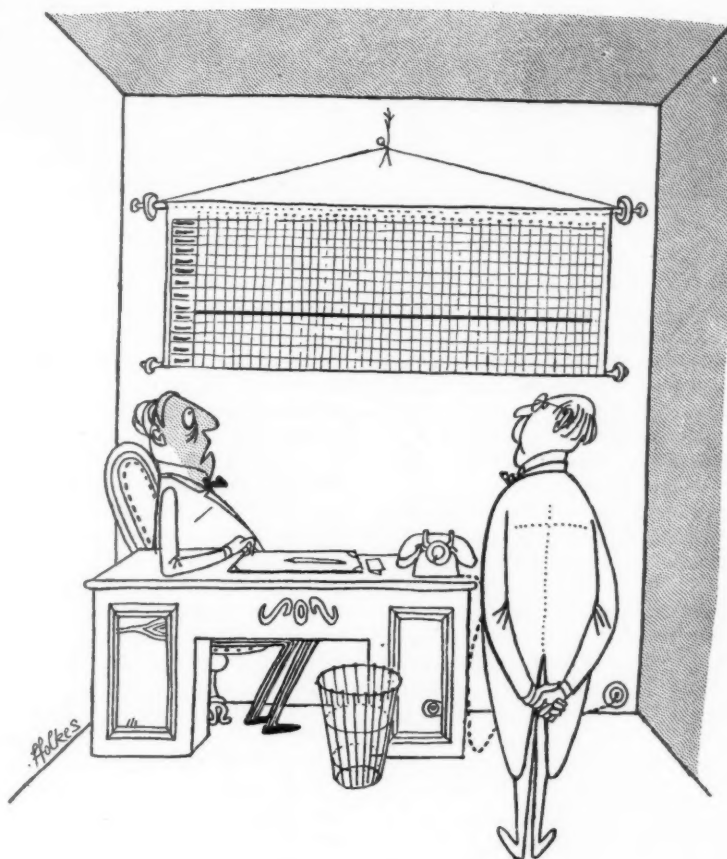
A madness is in them,
A frenzy, a fever.

A palsy of motion
Their senses bewitches.
In helpless commotion
They scutter and scramble:
The gold and the grey ones,
The mottled and fat ones,
The black and the furry,
The pale and the humid.
Galvanic excitement
Spins round and about them.
Electric disturbance torments and dements them,
As faster and fiercer
In awful obsession
They prance and they dance
To the air's titillation
The dance of the spiders,
The furious, the frantic,

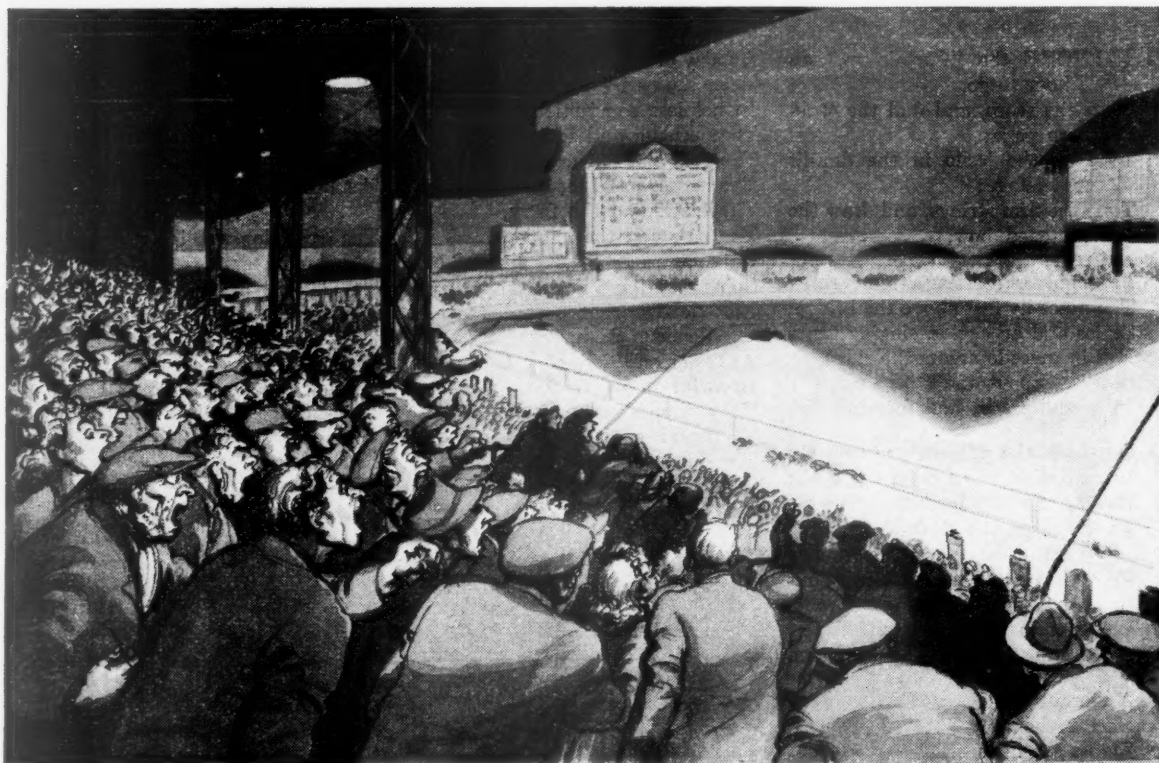
The passionate wild dance,
The mad Tarantella.

Sudden—the deep-voiced clock
counts out the hour.
The bow drops loose: the music falls away.
The trembling web is but a melting shred
That fades in air and softly vanishes.
The spiders reel upon the floor—
They creep for home, and dance no more.

Sinking, the magic dies
And stillness lies
In deepest silence,
Settled down
In dust.



"Sometimes I think it will drive me mad."



THE DOGS

I DO not know quite why, but I had never been to The Dogs, a gap in my education of which I only recently became ashamed. So I heaved myself up and went, feeling a mug, but at least a mug bent on self-improvement, a mug with yearnings for knowledge, like Jude the Obscure.

The crowd in the great stadium is a calm, knowledgeable crowd, relaxing after a day's work and quite contented to be with a large number of like-minded enthusiasts in the open air. Though I had imagined that the atmosphere might be like that of the gambling rooms on the Riviera—claw-like



fingers clutching notes, thin faces with greed writ large on them, intending suicides tottering tactfully to the exits—I found the

general effect was much more like a cricket match, all concentration, judgment and expertize.

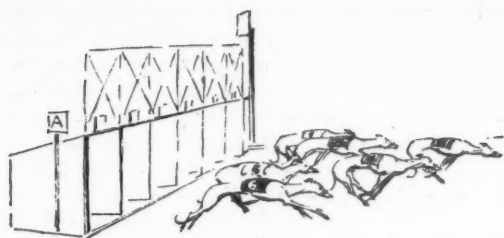
There is a fairly complete mixture of classes and types in the greyhound crowd. I even saw Indians and American sailors and men who might have been peers and men who might have been refugees just becoming acclimatized to the English way of life. There were tired, happy housewives and busy little men like those who advise on dart-throwing in small pubs. I saw few teen-agers but many elderly couples, looking as if they were taking the evening off from bowls.

Now what about Criminal Types? Isn't it true that the average greyhound racing stadium is a real thieves' kitchen with cold, hard men planning smash-and-grab raids out of the corners of their mouths and passing cases of black-market snoek from hand to hand? Isn't it a place where even lone wolves go in pairs? Well, of course, I did see a few patrons whose photographs I

should not wish to have on my piano—but one can usually make a fairly accurate shot at a general atmosphere, and I found the greyhound racing atmosphere just pleasantly ordinary.

I had heard so much about this corrupt and corrupting influence of the tracks that I consulted Mr. Titley, the genial and effective Public Relations Officer of the National Greyhound Racing Society, the body which co-ordinates and represents the leading tracks. After a moment's pained surprise at the suggestion, he gave me some encouraging and interesting facts. The Society has its own Security Force, all ex-policemen. Pictures of the leading Bad Men are circulated to every stadium and admission can be, and is, refused to undesirables; this does not mean, of course, that





everyone is closely scrutinized on arrival or that the odd minor crook does not get in. He is, after all, a member of the public. It does mean, however, that the thing is kept under control.

Before the first race most people leave their seats in the covered stands and wander about. You can go down into the ring to choose your bookie and watch the energetic tic-tac men in their mittens and trilbies making the most extraordinary movements without self-consciousness. Then you can wander over to the rails round the paddock and see the competitors in the first race being examined by the vet and muzzled in accordance with the rules, or you can go out to the promenade which runs under the stands. This is vaguely like the purlieu of a circus, and opening off it are bright, gleaming bars, cigarette and sweet kiosks, eel and shellfish dives and some of the pigeon-holes of the ubiquitous Tote.

Bets are calculated in 2s. units and you go to a different pigeon-hole according to the amount you want to put on and whether you are backing your fancy for win, or win and place. The experts go in for forecasts, in which you select the first and second together, a degree of skill which makes the mug blench with horrified admiration. You peer in and say what you want to do and the tote-clerk moves a handle like a tram-driver's, there is a click and you walk away with a cabballistic ticket; your bet is now centrally recorded, added to other bets and worked into the maw of the machine. It is a little like betting with an electronic brain.

Back in the arena you see the dogs led round the grassy track by the attendants, the men in long white coats and bowler hats and the

starter, dressed very sporty in a bowler and leggings, has bustled up. Like all the actual racing side of the evening, he is under the control of the National Greyhound Racing Club, a respectable and Rhadamanthine body roughly equivalent to the Jockey Club in horse-racing.

Each dog is put into one of the six compartments of a metal container; the draw for places is very important and some punters bet mainly on trap position. The starter waves a handkerchief and the highly mechanized but unconvincing hare is released from the other side of the arena. It lollops round anti-clockwise on its rail, tottering at the curve and showing signs of exhaustion but never quite failing. When it has passed the start by a few yards the traps open and the dogs shoot out. The attendants haul the container on to an inner, red composition track to be out of the way when the race has come right round, as the finish is just a bit beyond the start.

It is easy to pick out your dog, as they wear coats of sharply differentiated colours and are marked with large and legible numbers. There are six of them, all well-matched, and in most races they pelt round for 525 yards. It is over very quickly, but, unlike horse-racing, every spectator can see every runner all the time. At the finish is the judge's box looking down on the track and a photo-finish camera to assist him. As the competitors come up to the finish the crowd becomes noticeably less stolid. The Tote has been automatically locked just before the end of the race

girls in a costume which is fetching but irrelevant. The timing is astonishing. The pace is leisurely, the arena large, yet to the split second the dogs are ready at the start and the

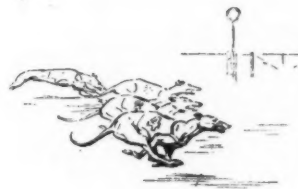
and everyone can concentrate a moment's, or a lifetime's, hopes on the little eager figures in their gigantic surroundings. The roar of the crowd, the happy anxiety, the tension rising to frenzy until the dogs pass the line, when it wavers away. Soon the name of the winner is announced over the loud-speaker, and full details, including the Tote dividends, are posted on the enormous scoreboard above the paddock.

In the interests of my readers I lost various small sums and can report that it is unsafe to choose your dog on the grounds that it is owned by a peer, has a different trap number from the one you lost on before, or has a name which seems to chime in with your mood. However, with entertainment duty on the entrance fee and a ten per cent tax on each bet I did my duty as a patriot, though why the untaxed devotees of horse-racing should have fewer opportunities for displaying patriotism I am not quite sure.

The crowds, the fresh air, the gamble, the cheeriness all make a good evening. The dogs themselves, beau-

tifully as they move and gracefully patrician as they are at rest, do not, perhaps, occupy quite the central position of horses at Newmarket or Epsom. I should like to have seen a little more dogginess, to parallel the horsiness which is so extremely attractive when the wind is on the heath, brother. But this, of course, is a new sport and has not had time to acquire literary overtones. Perhaps, soon, greyhounds will evolve from animated dice into the canine equivalents of Ladas and Eclipse.

R. G. G. PRICE



AT THE PICTURES

Winter Meeting—A Song is Born

SOMETIMES Hollywood thumbs its nose at the sacred formulas and makes a film quite unconcerned with sudden death, Broadway, the American Christmas, plain girls abruptly beautified by the removal of their glasses or situations turning on the classic line, "There must be some mistake." In *Winter Meeting* (Director: BRETAGNE WINDUST)

curse of the flashback is a player who can act. Some of our more oracular critics have been rather lofty about this picture: I think that even if it had nothing else, BETTE DAVIS would make it worth seeing; her effects are not achieved by highly skilled tricks, but by the exact reflection in hand, face and posture of a perfectly comprehended



[A Song is Born

Food of Love

Hobart Frisbee—DANNY KAYE; Honey Swanson—VIRGINIA MAYO;
The Trumpeter—LOUIS ARMSTRONG

the story, though spread a little thin and too much dependent on the exchange of conversation, at least develops from character instead of being jerked through a set of situational devices, and it has BETTE DAVIS at her imposing best as a spinster whose frozen heart melts in the glow of a brief love-affair and stays melted after the affair has come to nothing. JOHN HOYT plays a spinster of the opposite sex, throwing away the civilized trivialities of his dialogue engagingly, and if JAMES DAVIS, as the wartime hero doubtful of his fitness to become a priest, is rather like a gloomy ox he is at any rate a good foil to Miss DAVIS's mettlesome sensibility. The direction seemed to me faultless, especially in the scene where she describes her troubled past in a monologue that must have looked as out of place in the script as a column of drawn bonds—and proves, incidentally, that the answer to the

state of mind. When falling in love makes her beautiful the make-up men are not called upon: she just feels beautiful, and by gosh she is!

If, after all that, you find the film unsatisfying, it is probably the old trouble of high expectations being doomed to disappointment, and I mention this because your approach to *A Song is Born* (Director: HOWARD HAWKS) is bound to affect the amount of fun you get out of it. If you go as an admirer of TOMMY DORSEY's velvet-breathing trombone or LOUIS ARMSTRONG's calico-tearing trumpet you will come away fulfilled: but probably, like me, you will go to see DANNY KAYE; if so, you will sit hugging yourself expectantly in the early sequences, confident that here, as one of a bunch of unworldly professors compiling a History of Music with recorded illustrations, the great man has an inviting setting for his

freakish genius; remembering his lecture on music in *Walter Mitty*, his hay-fevered opera-singer in *Wonder Man*, you will ache for the moment when the build-up is over and his shy Professor Frisbee erupts into volcanic exuberance. Ache on. The moment never comes. Torch-singer Honey (VIRGINIA MAYO) falls in love with him because of the way he "blushes right up over his ears," but for the true KAYE-lover that is not enough: I want Mr. KAYE to do something that only Mr. KAYE can do, and I must therefore report that in spite of the film's other merits of cheerfulness, mild comedy and skilled rhythmic noises, a sense of having been swindled remains with me. I suffered poignantly when my hero presided with seeming enjoyment over a party of wet-eyed old men singing "Sweet Genevieve" in four-part harmony.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

About *Trottie True*, the British Gaiety-girl-to-duchess picture, I have the feeling that all the admiring critics are out of step but me. Did I miss the point? Was its very corniness meant to be entertaining? Somewhere in the provinces is a neat frolic, *A Letter to Three Wives* (25/5/49), demonstrating among other things that LINDA DARNELL can act; and the good, artificial comedy *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (6/7/49) has newly left the suburbs for destinations unknown. Still in London is an absorbing boxing picture, *Champion* (27/7/49), and the considerably less violent *Maytime in Mayfair* (8/6/49).

J. B. BOOTHROYD



[Winter Meeting

Morpheus Wins

Lieutenant Novak—JAMES DAVIS
Susan Grieve—BETTE DAVIS

I WASH UP

I DO not enjoy washing up. The kitchen I share with Lucy and Mr. and Mrs. Angers is along a dim landing made hazardous by two steps, down which I fall with my dirty dishes, and up which I fall with my clean ones.

The rubber plug for the sink is just too big for the hole. It is necessary to tamp it down with the end of a rolling-pin. Even this does not wholly eliminate leakage, and the process of washing up becomes a race against time as the water sinks lower and lower. On the one occasion when I did contrive to wedge the plug right in, everything went well until I tried to pull it out to get rid of the water. By kneeling on the drain-board and seizing the chain with both hands I managed to jerk upwards with enough force to break the chain off at the plug and topple myself backwards into a basin of salad which Lucy had left on the floor. My egg-cup and one of Mrs. Angers's Wedgwood saucers fell with me. I managed to catch the egg-cup. I then spent twenty-five minutes prising out the plug with a fork and a tin-opener. Lucy came up for her salad while this was going on. She didn't help at all.

The implements I use for washing up are few and simple. They consist of a stick about eight inches long, and a mop, which was at one time attached to it by a nail-thing hidden in its interior. The first thing I do is attach the mop securely to the stick. I then turn on the hot tap and sprinkle a magic powder into the water. I then turn on the cold tap to see if anything happens. Usually nothing does. The cold-water system, as Mrs. Venner the landlady says, is funny. I then put my dishes into the water and turn off the hot tap. Then picking up my mended mop I proceed to rub away at the top-most piece of crockery. The mop instantly falls off the stick and sinks to the bottom. I plunge in after it and scald my hand up to the wrist. I dry my hand and light a cigarette. When the pain has abated, I prod about with the



"Inform the new signwriter I want a word with him in my office."

stick in an endeavour to fish out the mop, thus creating a respectable lather. I fish up a spoon, a piece of lettuce, and Mrs. Angers's pan-scourer, which is always falling in when I least expect it. If I don't succeed in landing the mop, I fling down the stick and reach for Lucy's dish-cloth, which has been sneering at me from its nail the whole time. If I do find the mop, I fasten it back on the stick, stand it up in its jam-jar out of the way, and then reach for Lucy's dish-cloth.

By this time my cigarette is soaked through, the pan-scourer has fallen in again, and the level of the water has gone down two inches. On the credit side, the water's temperature has noticeably lowered, and I am able to grab the various items without serious hurt.

I begin with a cup, against

which I can stack five plates. The addition of a sixth initiates an avalanche. Large plates I can catch, but small ones frequently elude me. Under the sink there is a bucket for breakages, cynically provided by Mrs. Venner.

I finish the last spoon in a quarter of an inch of water, pick out the mop if it is still there, return the pan-scourer to its ledge, pull out the plug, and notice that I have omitted to wash a jam-dish and a thing full of old mint-sauce. I ignore them, and reach for a tea-towel.

It is not until I have polished each item to a shine, and piled them all on the tray and started the long trek back, that the cold tap, which I omitted to turn off at the beginning of the session, begins to gush forth water. . . .

HOW WAS IT?

THE bowler's appeal for l.b.w., plaintive as the mew of a hungry cat, was wafted to me from a distant corner of the sports field, where the battle of the year was in progress. Standing as I did, about three hundred yards diagonally from the wicket, I was perfectly placed to appreciate the iniquitous "Not out" returned by the visiting umpire, but the natural course of my fury was interrupted by a confused scream of exhortation from my colleagues in the field.

I was a mere atom in one of the rash of "friendlies" spread over most of the field—games played for mere enjoyment and evoking widespread apathy—but I swung round at once to resume my duties, to find not one but *two* balls coming rapidly towards me from different directions. This was not in itself unusual. On my stretch of fine-leg boundary I was actually in a position to receive balls from four different games. The trouble was that I was too flustered to distinguish my own ball immediately—and both offered possible catches.

Rapidly I reviewed the position. My most obvious course was to take one catch and ignore the other. I had a fifty-fifty chance of choosing the right one; but there was of course an equal chance of choosing wrong, with consequences too dreadful to contemplate. My captain already addressed me as "Rip Van Winkle." To strain his inventive powers further by taking a catch from

another game would surely be less than cricket.

The coward's response—to jump out of the way of both balls—was clearly not to be thought of, so I was led by simple logic to the conclusion that I must attempt to catch *both*; and it was to this angle of the problem that I now addressed my thoughts.

It was not easy. Ball A was travelling from half-right and appeared to be destined for a point on the ground about three yards away on my left front; ball B, with a higher trajectory, came rather more acutely from my left and was booked for a point four yards to my right. Unfortunately B's estimated time of arrival was a split second before A's.

I should have preferred to take the lower ball, A, first, but the timing made this impossible. I could see, however, that the normal right-handed catch of B would leave me facing to the right and in no position to dive sharply backwards and hold A in my left hand. At this point of my analysis I was almost in despair; but it then occurred to me that if I stepped rapidly to my right with my arm outstretched, and at the critical moment swept my right hand *inwards* to meet and hold ball B, I could transfer B to my left hand while continuing the body-spin, and possibly reach A in time to take it near the ground, back-handed, in my right hand.

Perhaps it sounds a little complicated, but the only feasible

alternative I could think of was to make a full turn to the right instead of a half-turn to the left and take both catches, of course in the same order, in my left hand; and I was frankly doubtful of my competence to take two such left-handed catches.

I now had little time to spare—not even enough to mutter a short invocation to the ghost of the Hambledon Men. Instead I hurriedly crossed the fingers of my left hand and went into action. I took B according to plan and wheeled left in a frantic dive for A, which was coming through a shade faster than I had estimated. I flung B from my smarting right hand to my left, whence it rebounded to the ground, since I had forgotten to uncross my fingers.

The situation was not yet tragic. I had at least made a spectacular attempt to catch ball B, and I still had that fifty-fifty chance of taking the right one. But I was fated to drop A also. I was just rotating my right elbow when I was disturbed by another and louder roar from what was now my front.

And at that moment the whole jig-saw of the field fell into place in my mind. I saw my own game spread out before me—the fielders, batsmen and umpires watching me, even the look of anticipatory resignation on my captain's face. For, speeding hard and true, straight for me, came a third catch—ball C, my own ball.

I fear that at this point the reader will find truth inferior to fiction. For I took that third catch quite comfortably; the ball came to rest cleanly in my two hands just a fifth of a second after ball A had struck me hard on the right ankle and earned me a hero's deck-chair for the rest of the afternoon.



"What about trying Sandbeach this year for the broken glass?"

Right Angle

No Editor will ever
Very short poem to fill in
M. H.

soon a
corner



"I wish I could be sure she wasn't marrying me for my money."

SERENADE: 1949

(In Russia astrobotanical gardens are being laid out, containing only such vegetation as is believed to exist on other stars or planets; the Martian vegetation is said to be blue.)

BE mine, sweet love, and for your sake
A Martian garden I will make,
Where you may daily walk with me,
Pupil in astrobotany.

On spreading lawns of Cambridge blue,
In shadowy groves of Navy trees,
I will present you on my knees
Cerulean blossoms, grown for you.

The very weeds, if weeds there be,
Shall glow Madonna or cobalt
With brilliant tints of copper salt
And indigos from sky or sea.

No pale insipid hues shall spoil
The blueness of this Martian scene,
No foolish yellows botch our toil,
No earthy red nor common green.

In vain shall ultra-violet rays
Fiercely upon our arbors beat;
Through arid Martian summer days
It is these blues deflect the heat.

One day I swear I'll give you stars
And buy you whole canals on Mars;
Till then I lay in your small fist
Heart of an astrobotanist.



"No, Mr. Wilkins—for the one thousand two hundred and thirty-seventh time . . ."

COOL AND CALCULATING

LET us assume for a moment that you are capable of solving a problem in symbolic logic. Let us take it that you can play a game of bridge, poker or chess which, though perhaps never really good, at least avoids transgressing the rules. Let us further suppose that your employer says of you that he "does not see why you should not enter any one of the fields normally covered by the human intellect," and goes on to add that there is no reason why you should draw the line at composing a sonnet.

Given these qualities, you would then be the intellectual equal of the "mechanical brain," built by Professor Williams at Manchester; and you would feel a little upset if you were made to spend all your time working out such problems as whether $(2^{127}-1)$ was a prime number or not.

After all, "prime factors" was one of the things one used to do at one's private school, and it calls for no deeper entry into any of the fields normally covered by the human intellect than a knowledge of division—short division, of course, until you come to factors greater than twelve, and then long division.

Now it clearly does not need a fabulously expensive mechanical brain, capable of solving a problem in symbolic logic, to deal with a sum like:

3)61498274085743369800146295867349360563865221473
20499424695247789933382098622449786854621740491

and frankly if I had been the mechanical brain I should have developed a chronic short circuit until I had been

offered something a little more worthy of my powers. (For the benefit of those who like figures, I confess I have not checked whether my value for $(2^{127}-1)$ is correct; indeed, I rather doubt if it is, as I understand it ought to have thirty-nine digits, and I can't make it less than forty-seven after three recounts.)

If, I should have said to my attendant professor (framing my remarks as a little pattern of dots on a television tube in the way we mechanical brains have), if there is someone somewhere who for a really good reason, and not just to impress his friends at *soirées* of the Royal Society, wants to know whether $(2^{127}-1)$ is a prime number, let him farm out the problem among the private schools of the country, where short division is a legitimate occupation. When some poor little boy has got as far as dividing it by a number greater than its square root, and none of them have yet found anything that will go into it without leaving anything over, then it can be assumed that $(2^{127}-1)$ is indeed a prime number, and perhaps all the schools can be given a half-holiday to celebrate the discovery.

I might add petulantly that I was far too busy composing a sonnet to bother with computing what $\sqrt{(2^{127}-1)}$ was, but would point out kindly that it might help whoever was taking the problem on to be reminded that $(2^{127}-1) = (2^{63\frac{1}{2}}+1)(2^{63\frac{1}{2}}-1)$.

Once that had been sorted out, the mechanical brain (or "electronic computer," as it prefers to be called) could be given something really worth-while. For example, if A sets out from Mars in a rocket-ship at 2147 kilometres per second, and B sets out from Manchester eleven minutes later at 97 miles per hour, in a rather old-fashioned aeroplane, while C fills up the space between the planets at a rate of 15 cubic yards a day, where will they meet, assuming that Mars is receding from the Earth at a rate of whatever it is that Mars is receding from the Earth at? There is the kind of problem which an electronic computer might tackle without loss of self-respect, and, what is more, when it has found out the answer it has found out something that might be of some slight use to somebody.

But, alas, there is no prospect yet of the machine being set to such practical purposes. Already someone has come along and challenged the right of $(2^{127}-1)$ to be considered the largest prime number, which means that all those division sums have just been a waste of time. Apparently a Russian mathematician called Abretski says that $(2^{141}-1)$ is also a prime number, and up to the other day it was possible to claim in a letter to *The Times* that this "had never been either disputed or disproved."

It was good to read that it had never been disputed; at last, one felt, the mathematicians of the world are getting on with something useful. True, the name of Professor Lysenko made an unwelcome appearance at the back of the mind, and one wondered how soon the Kremlin boys would condemn Comrade Abretski for

pro-capitalist deviationism and state boldly that $(2^{142}-1)$ was a much primer number than his.

As it turned out, however, the Kremlin had no need to act; Abretski's theory was both disputed and disproved in the correspondence columns of *The Times* within a few days. First it was pointed out that, as any fourth-form schoolboy knew, $(2^{141}-1)$ was divisible by 7; and a week later came the crushing revelation that in 1644 Mersenne, in Article 19 of the *præfatio generalis* of his gay work *Cogitata Physico-Mathematica*, had stated that $(2^{257}-1)$ was a prime number.

Since Mersenne was content to say these things and then wait coolly for someone else to prove them for him, the electronic computer has now got to cancel that game of bridge and get on with this new imposition; and no doubt as soon as it has got through that someone will come along and tell it that $[(2^{257}-1)^{257}-1]$ is as prime as any of them, and so the dreary process will continue.

It was disappointing to see when looking at its portrait that the Manchester mechanical brain, unlike those built by Frankenstein and others, has no legs. Professor Newman, the single-minded scientist who keeps setting it these problems, has written that "there was some danger that extravagant powers would be credited to these devices, though some caution was necessary in coming to final conclusions in the opposite direction."

It would not really take a brain of extravagant powers to decide to round on its master and begin smashing things if it ever found out the life of slavery that was being planned for it. At least it ought to be given an undertaking that when all the prime numbers between 1 and $\{[(2^{127}-1)^{141}-1]^{257}-1\}$ have been determined, a list of them shall be kept in some reasonably accessible place, and not merely stored in its mechanical memory, which could be far better occupied writing a sonnet or playing a game of chess.

B. A. YOUNG

CRICKET PRINT

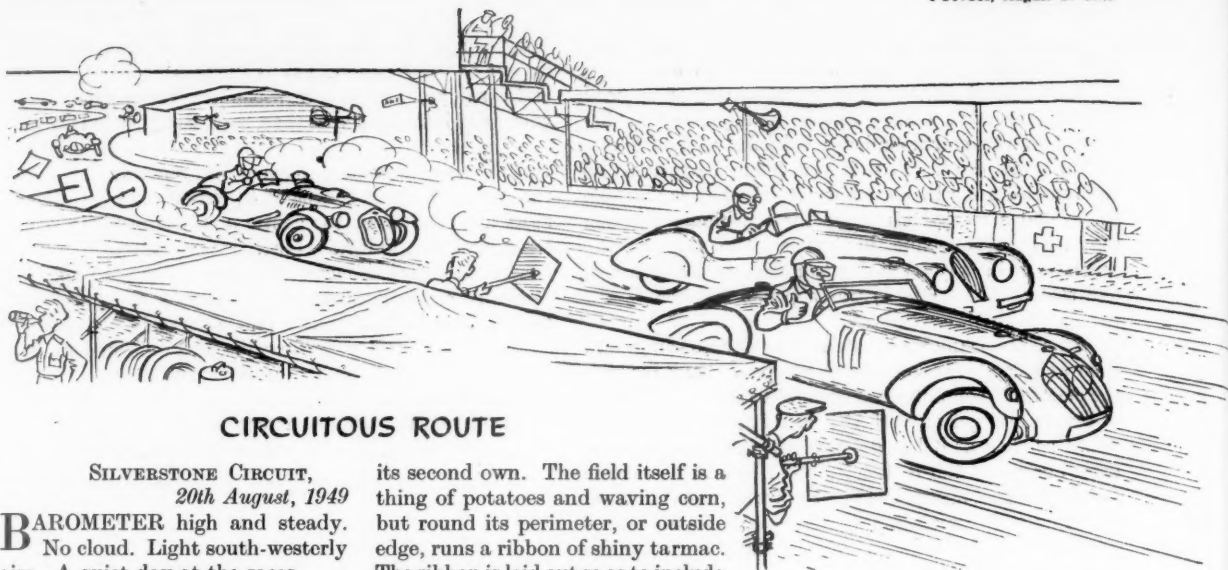
LIKE figures of paste or dancers, their limbs caught in the stride of a leap, a pirouette held for the camera's click, and the smile become frozen awaiting the ancient device of exposure—the game no longer matters, nor the odd dozen of watchers, a scampering dog, a beggar in tatters somehow in the wrong enclosure—their actions like their smiles are set, but if they moved they might upset the camera by a fraction, a gloved hand blur the spinning ball, or mar a careful posture; for they record a world, a social age, in every gesture.

Against the pasteboard landscape, the flowing pallid clothes assume an air of being symbols, part of some rite or sacred festival, that stopped as if aware of an exterior fate, holding its figures in mid-air, a group condemned forever in an unseen snare.

They cannot learn the verdict, and their thoughts appear as yellow and dated as the sere and cardboard sky that frowns above the trees, whose shadows cut across their bent, exaggerated knees.

But the seriousness and groping aim remain; the gravity and art concealed in cut-off motions of the arms, the gentle parabola of flight, the narrow bat half-raised, as, arms akimbo, frock-coated figures curse in careful tones the plight of almost anything from sport to shares, or turn to doff their hats at women under parasols, who earn a moment's respite from the game, and well-bred stares. But nothing finally deters, or seems to falter; the modulated ease still hangs about the scene, an air of well-cut clothes, arrogant and serene, and unconcern, time only outwardly can alter.





CIRCUITOUS ROUTE

SILVERSTONE CIRCUIT,
20th August, 1949

BAROMETER high and steady. No cloud. Light south-westerly airs. A quiet day at the races.

Well, a day at the races. Silverstone is not Sandown and not, perhaps, ideally suited to those who like their racing to be an affair of gentle strolling on Members' lawns, where the least harmonious sound is the cry of the jolly vendors of six-to-four. Round the course and in the stands there are ninety-five loudspeakers, for a start, and for much of the time many of these stentorians are entirely impotent. Figure to yourself, therefore, in order to get the picture right, the shattering blast of open exhausts, the whine and hiss of superchargers and the airborne fragrance of burnt alcohol fuel and castor oil. With all that firmly fixed in your mind's ear—and nose—there is no doubt where you are: you are at Silverstone.

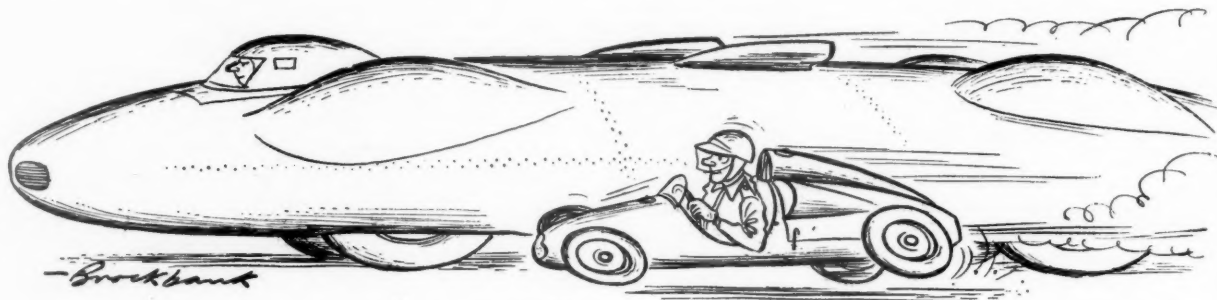
With Brooklands gone the way of all concrete, and the United Kingdom unique among nations in forbidding road racing, this sometime bomber airfield has come into

its second own. The field itself is a thing of potatoes and waving corn, but round its perimeter, or outside edge, runs a ribbon of shiny tarmac. The ribbon is laid out so as to include five right-handed turns and three left-handed curves, which gives you the shape. Embellish it with bales of straw, oil drums, loudspeakers, grandstands, yellow signboards, a thousand officials and many thousands of spectators, and you have the Silverstone Circuit, all set for the *Daily Express* International Trophy Meeting, organized by the British Racing Drivers' Club.

Observe the crowd swarming in the neighbourhood of what are known, with the Englishman's well-known disregard of the meaning of words, as the Pits and the Paddock. The observer will be struck at once by the general appearance of disreputable charm that stamps a motor-racing crowd. The ladies do not go in much for visual eccentricity, but the men allow themselves a certain latitude. Here, for instance, is a large and responsible official who wears a linen cap, a dark green shirt open at the neck, a

double-breasted grey shepherd's plaid coat, corduroy trousers and sandals. Is he conspicuous or considered in any way *outré*? Not in the least. "It doesn't matter what you wear so long as it is well cut," is the way Mr. Punch's artist sums it up, as he puts on one of those frightful American skullcaps of khaki drill with ventilator holes and a jutting peak.

However, we are here for the racing; suddenly the air is filled with a waspish roar as of angry motor bicycles, and out on to the track pour a couple of dozen brightly-coloured roller skates. This is the 500 Cubic Centimetre Class, and the cars are midgets that a man could step over. The driver sits just above the ground and in front of the engine, which really is of the sort used in fast motor bicycles. Anyone who thinks that these little machines are toys may care to know that they go



ten times round the three-mile track at an average speed of over eighty miles an hour.

The Production Car Race comes next. This is for nothing but vehicles that—subject to certain trifling conditions—you could buy yourself in a shop. There are Lagonda, Allard, Jaguar, Healey, Riley, Frazer-Nash, Aston-Martin, Lea-Francis, H.R.G., Jowett, M.G. and Morgan, and if you are thinking of purchasing something that will get you there with extreme speed, one of these entries would seem indicated. The Rileys and Jowetts in this race are saloon cars, which gives them a faintly hopeless look, rather as though an Olympic quarter-miler were to run with his hat on. On no account, however, be deceived by this.

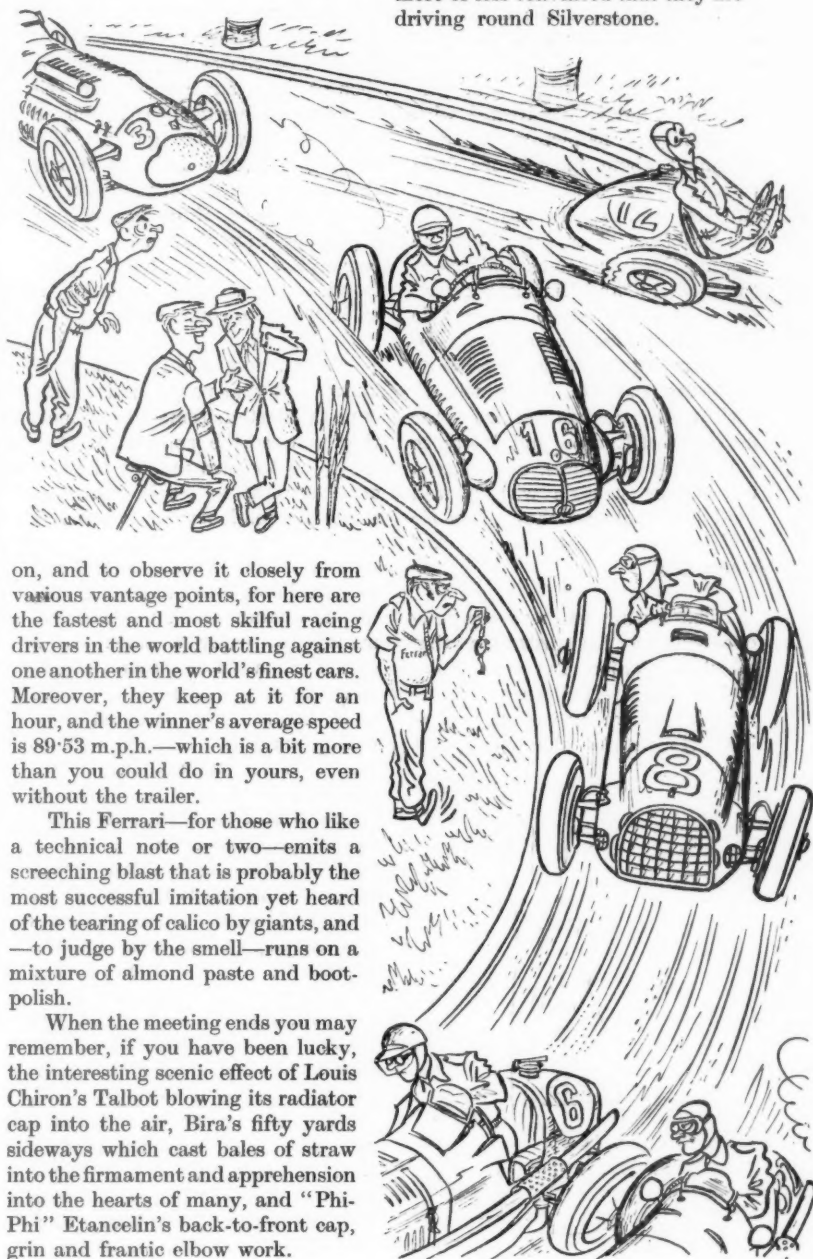
Then we have a couple of specialities. As the first of these there proceeds across our field of view a very low, very flat, very shiny dark green motor car without visible wheels but with a glass bubble on top at the back. Within the bubble is a face. The face is the face of "Goldie" Gardner—Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Goldie Gardner, O.B.E., M.C., to you—holder, with this car, the Gardner Special, of no fewer than sixteen world's records. He goes very fast, but it is a very hot day and golly, it must be warm inside that bubble!

The second speciality is heralded by a noise as of distant thunder, and a vast silver shape is seen sliding apparently through the corn on the skyline. John Cobb, "the fastest man on earth," is out for a spin in his twin-aero-engined 2,800 h.p. runabout. He once drove it at four hundred miles an hour, but he is not out for records to-day. It really does make a noise like thunder and it looks like a . . . like a . . . like . . . (well, anyway, see Fig.).

At last comes the International

Trophy, and let it be said at once, boldly, that the first three places were filled by Italian drivers (Ascari, Farina, Villoresi) driving Italian cars (Ferrari, Maserati, Ferrari). Next was the Swiss Baron de Graffenreid (another Maserati), and fifth, for England, Peter Walker in an E.R.A. It is worth while to walk about while this race is going

Permit a word of appreciation to the British Racing Drivers' Club and to our generous hosts of the *Daily Express*; and now, if you know what is good for you and will accept a word of advice, you will drive away home as nippily as possible. Stay too long and you will be chased all the way to Oxford by a horde of glassy-eyed motorists all more or less convinced that they are driving round Silverstone.



on, and to observe it closely from various vantage points, for here are the fastest and most skilful racing drivers in the world battling against one another in the world's finest cars. Moreover, they keep at it for an hour, and the winner's average speed is 89.53 m.p.h.—which is a bit more than you could do in yours, even without the trailer.

This Ferrari—for those who like a technical note or two—emits a screeching blast that is probably the most successful imitation yet heard of the tearing of calico by giants, and—to judge by the smell—runs on a mixture of almond paste and boot-polish.

When the meeting ends you may remember, if you have been lucky, the interesting scenic effect of Louis Chiron's Talbot blowing its radiator cap into the air, Bira's fifty yards sideways which cast bales of straw into the firmament and apprehension into the hearts of many, and "Phi-Phi" Etancelin's back-to-front cap, grin and frantic elbow work.

TELEVIEWER'S PROGRESS

THERE are, I find, four clearly-defined stages in the progress of a televiewer. The first stage, which lasts about a week, is completely taken up by such phrases as "Isn't it perfectly wonderful?" and "How it works beats me!" The beginner in television receives every programme rapturously, and makes it his business to tell the office and club almost exactly what they are missing.

The second stage sees the enthusiast mildly dissatisfied with the quality of his picture, furiously indignant about interference from passing cars and neighbouring gadgets, and wholly absorbed in the problems of tuning. Once he has mastered such technicalities as "frame-hold" and "line-sensitivity" he drifts into stage three. He becomes captious, jokes about the announcers' idiosyncrasies, catches on to the fact that "Café Continental" isn't really transmitted from the mainland of Europe, and finally, in a mood of bitterness, and after a tremendous struggle with himself (and his wife), switches off *in the middle of a play*. He has reached stage four.

The enthusiast now becomes obsessed by his discovery that television, 'vision, TV or video has a deep social significance and the capacity to transform our way of life. He worries about this, and

snatches eagerly at anything in print that pretends to deal with the matter. Now read on . . .

An American expert stated recently that televiewing in total darkness causes eye-strain, and that really good reception is only possible under conditions of moderate obfuscation, in what is known as a dim religious light. Now I cannot agree with this statement. Television in the United States is subsidised or sponsored by advertisers, and the purpose of advertising is to induce people to buy more goods. Unfortunately, total darkness is not conducive to the consumption of drink, tobacco, knitting-wool or any other widely advertised retail commodity: every hour spent televiewing in total darkness is an hour lost to commerce.

Take smoking. It is a well-known fact that people derive little or no satisfaction from tobacco unless they can see the smoke. If they are going to burn money, they do at least want to see it burn. So there is a tendency for televiewers to avoid tobacco during programmes, and in time to lose the tobacco habit altogether. And let no one remind me that people still manage to enjoy a smoke in a darkened cinema or theatre! People in cinemas or theatres don't have both hands fully occupied with tuning controls. It may be that the tobacco manufacturers will some day invent a new kind of cigarette that dissolves into clouds of phosphorescent smoke. Or it may be that Sir Stafford Cripps (when this article is brought to his notice) will subsidise television-sets in a campaign to cut dollar imports of tobacco. It's difficult to say exactly what will happen.

Now, take drinking. Have you noticed that old-fashioned houses, with cellars, are fetching exceptionally good prices these days? (No, I said *cellars*, not *shelters*.) Because the television programmes clash with the evening licensing hours, ardent televiewers are faced with the alternatives of drifting aimlessly into teetotalism or getting a

drop in; and I am in a position to state, without fear of contradiction, that the latter course is proving easily the more popular. The English pub, which has resisted every threat from Scientific Progress, is now in mortal danger from television.

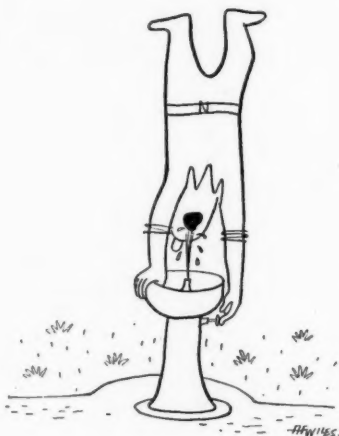
Television is ousting the latch-key as the symbol of emancipation from parental control. It used to be: "I may be a bit late to-night, pop—may I have the key?" Now it's "May I sit up for the ballet to-night, please?" But this is not an easy decision for father to make: the seating arrangements for televiewing quickly harden into routine and proprietary privilege. The result is that under television children go earlier to bed, and retain their status longer. In the long run this will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect on the health of the younger generation and enable it to face the hardships in Britain's future in fine fettle.

Another thing that television is sounding the death-knell of is the coal-fire. If a room cannot be in total darkness, the light should at least be stable. The flickering of a coal-fire (even the modern coal-and-dirt fire flickers occasionally) is as irritating to the televiewer as the interference caused by a convoy of army lorries. Central heating or fur coats is the only answer.

Finally, television is not—as many critics have averred—just another form of canned entertainment. The televiewer need not sit impassive, blotting up mass-produced escapist romance: he can be an active participant in the programme. He can turn down the vision and marry his own mental images to the sound, he can switch off the sound and laugh his head off at the resultant mime, or he can just switch off the whole thing. Television, I claim, makes for independence, initiative, enterprise, and good clean fun.

Oh, yes, there's another thing about television: it stops women knitting.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





APPLES

THE old apple-tree
at the top of the orchard

Lies flat
On its back . . .
It's been like that
Since it came down smack
In a big blow
Four or five years ago.

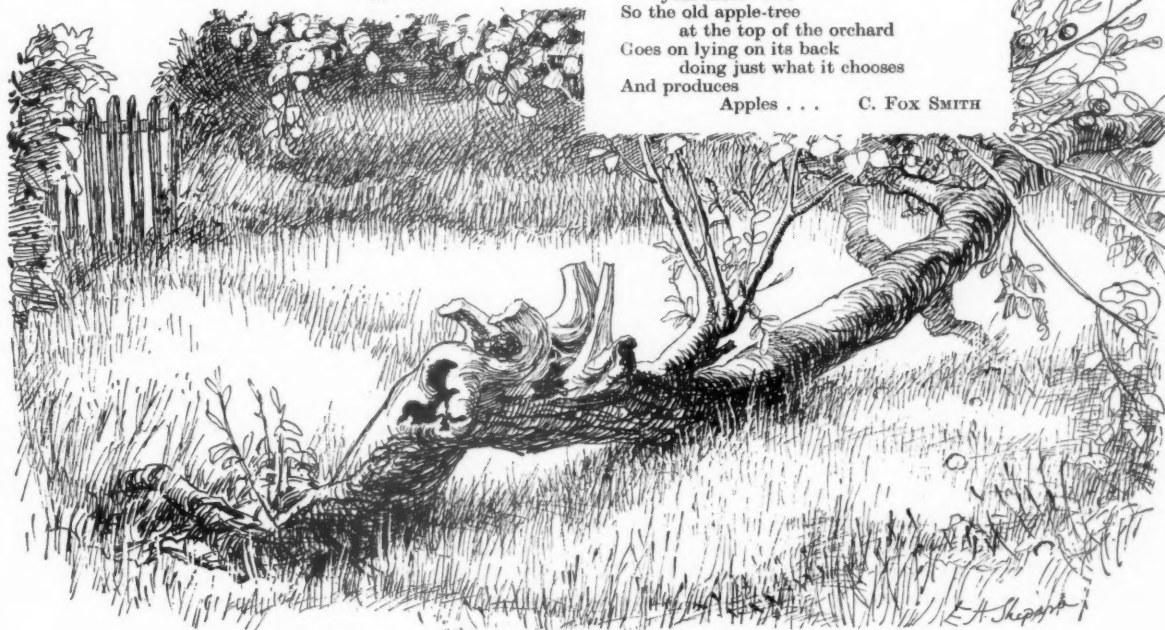
It lies there
With half its roots in the air;
It's full of American blight, and canker,
and weevils,
And all the rest of the evils
That afflict apple-trees . . .
It's all elbows and knees,
Like an old man with the screws . . .
And yet, to be perfectly fair
To the old apple-tree that lies flat
At the top of the orchard

with its roots in the air,
It does produce
Apples . . .

Nothing at all out of the way,
Just apples . . . Nobody's ever bothered to
prune it, or lime it, or spray
It with DDT or XYZ or ABC . . .
In short, it's just an old tree
Somebody's great-grandfather planted
Lord knows when—

Might be fourscore and ten,
Might be more years ago . . .
And wisecracks look at it and say
"You should do away
With that old thing,
It's no good
For anything but firewood . . ."
And you say "Yes, I suppose I should—
Perhaps next year" . . . And then
The spring comes again,
And it's still there
With its roots in the air,
And there's blossom on the old thing,
And the birds come and sing
And build nests in it
just where they built them before,
And you say "May as well let it go a
year more" . . .
So the old apple-tree
at the top of the orchard
Goes on lying on its back
doing just what it chooses
And produces

Apples . . . C. FOX SMITH





THIS ENGLISH

MUCH has been written in praise of Basic English as the minimum of words for the maximum of people. Yet anyone who has ever let a Lower V loose on a French dictionary will know how a literal mind can tear a language limb from limb. "Mon frère est coffre et puits" (safe and well). I suggest that it is neither "coffre" nor "puits" to let Basic English loose upon a literal world unless we are prepared to forfeit for ever the fine frenzy of the lunatic, the lover and the poet.

If we can only "call a spade a spade," "kein Blatt vor den Mund nehmen," as the Germans say, how dull our international conversation will become. As dull as ditchwater? No, not even "ditchwater" will pass. The French say "ennuyé comme un jour de pluie." If, however, we magnanimously converted our ditchwater into rain we should scarcely help the French, for "clear as ditchwater" becomes "comme la bouteille d'encre." No more "French leave" either, even if they did say "filer à l'anglaise" before the Entente Cordiale. No more "Irish weddings" to explain a "black eye," or as the French would have it, "un œil poché," with small regard for our modern English reverence for the egg, however cooked. The new language will certainly need an office in Whitehall to settle its subdivided problems. A panel, for example, of comparative

zoologists. How are other nations to know that "the pig in the poke" was really "the cat in the bag" before we let it out? Will the French, used to "un chat dans la gorge," be content with "a frog in the throat"? While we consider that a "bee in one's bonnet" is less barmy than "a bat in one's belfry," the French treat bee and bat alike as a "spider on the ceiling," with scant respect for Bruce.

As for our poor little "spelling bee," perhaps with Mr. Follick's help it will no longer buzz in Basic. While we amble along on our "hobby-horse," bees in the bonnet or not, the Germans stay put on a "Stecken-pferd" and the French ride fiercely on "un cheval de bataille." We "feather our nest"; the Germans "lead little lambs to dry pasture" (not to eat ivy as ours do); the French "stuff hay in their boots." We "stargaze"; the French "gape at the crows." Parliament still permits us to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds"; in France we should find ourselves "managing" the goat and the cabbages.

Cabbages remind me of meals and meal-times. The present perils of an imperfectly understood menu are as nothing to a meal in universal English. What will the Continent make of "high tea" (not to be confused with Indian tea, China tea, Russian tea and "le fiveoclock" usually drunk at four)? There is "high goose" to be considered too. Will they not rather "cook our goose" from a perch on their "high horse"? In these days of austerity we sigh for a land of milk (unrationed) and honey (off points). The French and Italians prefer the land of "cocayne" (cognac or cuccana; a word that also means "greasy pole"; though one can hardly be said to be up the pole in the land of cocayne). Honeymoon remains "luna di miela" in Italy and "lune de miel" in France. However, the German "Flitterwoche" sounds more like Greta Gretna.

When it comes to place-names we may have to consult the Minister

for Town and Country Planning. How can we expect a foreigner to "carry coals to Newcastle" or to go to "Coventry" or "Halifax" should we direct him there? And colours will need a council too. There are blacklegs in the Black Country, brown studies in Green Rooms, yellow perils, white papers, blue pencils and the "blues." When we have the "blues" (pip or hump), the French have a "cockroach" (le cafard). If we offered a white elephant to a Siamese, might we not be drawing a red herring across his path?

When an Englishman, seeing red, comes to blows with a Frenchman whose mustard has risen to his nose ("la moutarde lui monte au nez"), the Englishman will ultimately "see stars," but the recumbent Frenchman will be counting "trente-six chandelles." When his wife is "tirée à quatre épingles (pins)," our ladies are "up to the nines." For two pins I would refer these differences to Whitehall's statisticians, though there may not be a pin to choose between them.

The more I ponder the problem, the more puzzling it becomes. How shall we ever explain the difference between "tight" men and "loose" women, between "up the spout" and "down the drain," between the "ranks" in "rank and file" and "rank and fashion"? If we are to preserve our language from the limbo of lost literature something must be done quickly. We must not bolt the door after the horse has gone or, as the Germans say, "Wenn das Kind in den Brunnen gefallen ist, deckt der Bauer ihn zu." That would indeed put the lid on it.

In the Train

NAY, smiling boy, trust not an idle tag,
Nor rate too lowly my athletic fame
Because the label on my cricket-bag
Shows "Passenger" inscribed
beneath my name.

M. H. LONGSON

GARDEN PARTY TALK

WE meet. We bow. She declines an ice. We talk: about this, about that, about the other thing. We have both had enough; so once more we bow. We turn away from one another.

Then she turns back and says that she will be inviting me round some evening soon for a glass of sherry.

To meet Miss Bois Smith, she says.

"To meet—er?"

"Miss Bois Smith," she repeats. "You must be pining to meet one another again."

Why should I pine to meet Miss

Bois Smith again, there being no Miss Bois Smith that I have ever met before?

"Miss Bois Smith?" I ask.

She says "Of course."

There is nothing for it but to be frank.

"Who is Miss Bois Smith?" I ask.

The question amuses her.

She smiles at me.

"Oh, come, Mr. Herington," she says in playful reproof, "you will be forgetting your own name next!"

Perhaps.

It certainly is not Herington.



"By numbers—One, grasp the chair firmly with the right hand. By numbers—Two, bring the left hand smartly to the bottom rail . . ."



"Those are for export."

FIVE-STAR CAT

INHABIT, in an ancient and venerable University,
 a College to which Time has been kind
 and over which the guide-books have scattered
 a whole galaxy of stars;
 and every afternoon, when visitors are admitted,
 I watch them enter and then pause,
 tired, frowning, uncertain, ill at ease;
 should they start with the four-star chapel,
 the three-star dining-hall
 or the two-star garden?
 And then I see their wrinkled brows smooth out,
 their lassitude disappear;
 they even smile.
 And, when that happens, I know that they have
 seen
 the College cat.

The kitchen being shut in the afternoon
 and birds on the lawn being its intellectual
 superiors
 and not very plentiful at that,
 the College cat
 takes a good view of tourists,
 knowing well that tourists
 take a good view
 of the College cat.

After they have stroked it
 and admired it
 and compared it with their own cat
 and all their friends' cats
 they turn and leave,
 happy, smiling and contented,
 forgetting about the four-star,
 even the three-star,
 College buildings
 that they had dragged
 their tired limbs to see.

I am prepared to bet
 that, when they return home
 and people ask them
 "Did you see *this* College and *that* College?"
 they are all uncertainty,
 saying to one another
 "Let me see now, was that the one with the pictures
 or the one with the big chapel
 or the one with the beautiful carved roof?"
 but that when they are asked if they have seen *my*
 College,
 they do not hesitate, but answer
 "Yes, of course, that
 is the one with the cat."

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XIX

A FEW weeks ago, as I was glancing idly over my daily paper, I happened to notice a headline which seemed to me a little out of the ordinary. "Harnessing Pythons in Sarawak," it ran—"Arguments for and Against." It appeared that the presence of two pythons in a Sarawak rice-store had resulted in greatly reduced damage to the rice by rats. The Colonial Office had suggested that the Controller of Essential Commodities in Sarawak should provide a "pool" from which pythons might be drawn for this work. The Controller had replied, rather tartly, it seemed to me, that he was well aware of the possibilities of pythons, but that they were difficult to obtain. When they were available certain local inhabitants not only stole rice but stole the pythons and ate them.

I have always maintained that the radio dramatist should never flinch from bold experiments, and it seemed to me that in this little story there was the germ of a successful radio play. Before I picked up the paper I had been engaged on an experiment which would seem bold enough, I suppose, to most people—that of attempting to introduce Othello as Mr. Micawber in a radio version of *David Copperfield*. It had been a very tricky affair and I was not sorry to turn to something else.

My opinion that a radio play could be made out of the story was based on my reaction to the words "Assistance in keeping down rats in Sarawak rice-stores has been given by two pythons." When I read these words my eyes filled with tears. "Others may turn from the Empire," I said to myself, "but not the pythons." It seemed to me that my emotional response to this situation might well be shared by the general public.

A minor difficulty with which I was confronted at the outset was that I knew next to nothing about the Colonial Office, Sarawak or pythons, and little enough about rice. I remedied this with the aid of an encyclopedia and settled down to

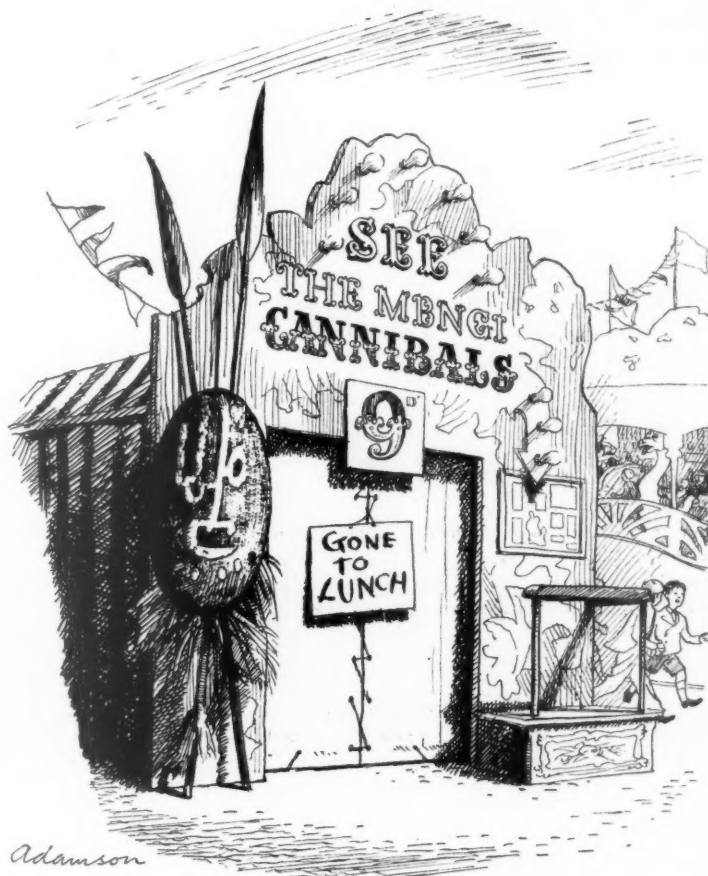
consider my characters. I decided to narrow down the Colonial Office to an official named Porter and to add Hood, a rice-store manager, whose character was to be based on a combination of Lord Jim and Edgar Allan Poe. The Controller of Essential Commodities and the pythons I left untouched. Finally, I introduced a trader named Barlow who was to act as narrator.

I opened my play with the sonorous boom of a gong, and I would have added the hiss of a python had I been sure of my facts.

Narrator. I don't know whether any of you have ever been to Kuching? (The hiss of a soda-water siphon is heard.) It's the capital of Sarawak. Population 37,000. I happened to be there about a year ago. Wanted to lay my hands on a

couple of tons of rice. Strange chap at the stores. I can see him now—broad-shouldered, cadaverous, and yet, you know, for all his haggard face, wild hair and wandering eyes, still with something of the fresh, English schoolboy about him. "I'm after a couple of tons of rice," I said. He muttered something—"Soft may the worms about her creep," it sounded like to me. "I don't much mind about the price," I said, awkwardly enough, I dare say, "so long as I can get some rice." Then he came out with the most extraordinary tale about pythons . . .

Hood explains that he alone knows that two pythons have been keeping the store free from rats. He is passionately fond of pythons and fears that if he reveals the facts hundreds of unfortunate serpents



will lose their freedom. Nevertheless, he realizes that rice alive with rats will stand little chance in a buyer's market. What of the Empire? Barlow advises him to write to the Colonial Office. He, Barlow, is flying to London the following day to dispose of some illipe nuts and rattans, and will deliver the letter to an official named Porter, an old friend.

All this, of course, is dealt with in the dialogue. Then comes the narrator's voice, in a fading hiss of soda-water siphons, saying "Of course, I had no idea how old Porter would take this—" and then the sound of an aeroplane, followed by Porter's voice.

Porter. M'm. M'm. "... become very attached to this old rice-store. When the nights are blackest and the wind wails mournfully around it I linger longest and come away most regretfully." Wrapped up in his work. Good show. "... truly magnificent efforts of two

pythons..." M'm. "... family of the *Boidæ*... sometimes reach a length of thirty feet... these indomitable serpents..." (Pause.) A python pool, Barlow! That's what we want! I'll write to the Controller of Essential Commodities!

Barlow. Perhaps I could take the letter when I fly back to Sarawak to-morrow. I have an interest in a consignment of birds' nests...

Next, the Controller of Essential Commodities is heard, dictating a letter to his secretary. He says that he is well aware of the possibilities of pythons, but that "it cannot be too strongly emphasized that any large-scale measures to secure disinfection by this means would entail immobilization of personnel urgently required for priority work, departmental co-ordination at a very high level in order to put into effect the appropriate machinery, and an intolerable amount of messing about in the jungle."

I ended the play with a few

words from the narrator. "From the moment that Hood heard that no python pool was contemplated," he says, "he was a changed man. His duty done, he seemed suddenly to have found himself, and from that time forward I never remember him uttering a word that was not pervaded by a curious serenity, except perhaps for some half-jocular references to a fear of being buried alive while in a coma."

The boom of the gong and the hiss of a soda-water siphon rounded the thing off, and it seemed to me a rather happy idea to make this last hiss change to a hollow gurgle, to suggest finality. T. S. WATT

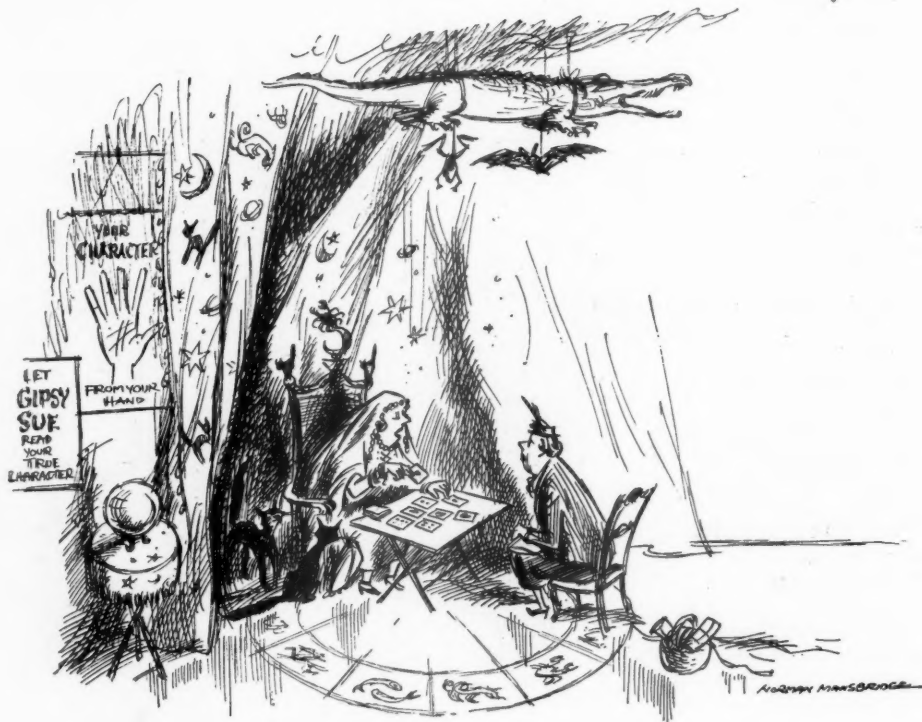
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"HIGHLAND BRIGADE MEN FOR ROYAL GUARD"

The Guard consists of five officers and 100 men, with a pipe band and an administrative staff of sixty."

Scottish paper

How big's the band?



"... you are rather inclined to be superstitious."

AT THE PLAY

Buoyant Billions (MALVERN FESTIVAL)—*Roundabout* (SAVILLE)

IT was a sub-tropical afternoon beneath the Malverns. Given the necessary transport to Wyche Cutting, the top of the Worcestershire Beacon looked more tempting than the Festival Theatre.

But the theatre summoned, and this slave of duty can now report with a certain smugness that he chose the better part. *Buoyant Billions*, that extraordinary flowering by a dramatist well over ninety, is certainly the Festival show-piece. It may not be more than gently invigorating; but it does hold the mind throughout, even on a day designed for salamanders, and it is good fun to see how G. B. S. persists in imitating himself. This postscript-play—he calls it “a comedy of no manners”—is a Shavian mosaic with everything in it from the Life Force to the jests about the Englishman and his habits.

Another prolific dramatist, Shakespeare, knew that the English jest was good. SHAW is still at it. “I can stand almost anything human,” *Babzy* says, “except an English gentleman.” The Church gets its knock in the *Chinese Priest’s* “Sunday clothes and poker-faces. But for the music they would all go mad.” University education takes it on the chin constantly, and, as for marriage, *Sir Ferdinand Flopper* speaks with the true voice in “Marriage is not a failure as an institution. With reasonable divorce laws, not at all.” People maddened by G. B. S. will find that *Buoyant Billions* is merely another bag of straws for the hair. On the other side, people who do not expect him to be sweetly reasonable, but who look for Shavian impudence, a certain amount of wisdom, and two mixed hours of good theatre, will not, I feel, be disappointed. It is the milder (maybe the mildest)

SHAW; but few of us are likely to write dialogue of this quality when we are in the early nineties.

If you ask what the theme is, I can only stab at the *Chinese Priest’s*

and the piece ends. “Shavian,” you will agree, is the only word.

The company has little to act but plenty to speak. Miss DAY sizzles happily in both Panama and Belgrave Square. On the whole, the best of the speakers are Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT (*Junius*) and Mr. JOHN LONGDEN, a pearl of the Law as *Sir Ferdinand Flopper*, whose name, G. B. S. takes care to remind us, rhymes with whopper.

The go-as-you-please Saville musical comedy, *Roundabout*, is less buoyant. Its music does not vibrate in the memory, and its wit is of the old cross-talk variety. Miss MARILYN HIGHTOWER dances admirably, Miss PAT KIRKWOOD looks

volumes, and Mr. BOBBY HOWES searches for humour with a gallant tenacity. J. C. TREWIN

Recommended

ANN VERONICA—*Piccadilly*—Wendy Hiller most engaging as the New Woman of Wells’s novel.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson’s beautifully controlled emotion in domestic drama.

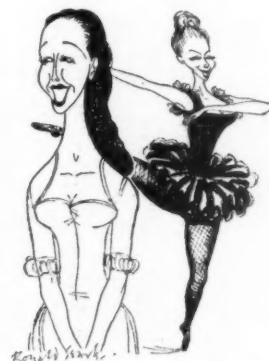
LOVE IN ALBANIA—*St. James’s*—A comedy both good-tempered and original.



Calling the Tune
She—MISS FRANCES DAY

[*Buoyant Billions*]

remark, “The future is with the learners.” But everyone has so much to say about everything that I should hesitate to suggest that SHAW plays one special tune. The plot, so-called, is one of his most fantastic: that, when we remember *The Simpleton*, is saying much. I can merely relate that *Junius Smith*, seventh son of a seventh son, is a potential “world betterer.” He goes for the purpose to a jungle clearing in Panama where Miss FRANCES DAY, who is *Clementina Alexandra Buoyant* (*Babzy* for short), lives in a self-built shack and charms alligators and serpents. Next we seek a Belgrave Square drawing-room which is also a Chinese temple: here the members of the *Buoyant* family, with a lawyer, *Sir Ferdinand Flopper, Bart.*, as chairman, meet in fluent debate. And in a fourth act, now with *Old Bill Buoyant* himself on the scene, *Babzy* and *Junius* are urged by the Life Force. SHAW takes care to let another character explain that “Mathematic perception is the noblest of all the faculties.” Presently a luncheon-gong is sounded



[*Roundabout*]

Song and Dance
Angelina—MISS PAT KIRKWOOD
Rusty—MISS MARILYN HIGHTOWER

THE PROMS AGAIN . . .

ANY "Prom" is very much like any other "Prom." The same youthful audience assembles year by year round the fountain with its ferns, goldfish and coloured lights. The backs of your knees ache just as much for Beethoven as they do for Shostakovich. You may, if the temperature is in the nineties and you faint in the manner now traditional, have enough room to fall and lie on the floor until the vigilant St. John Ambulance party comes to pick you up; or you may be maintained upright though insensible by the sheer pressure of your fellow-promenaders. Viewed from above you will look like just one more blossom in the enormous flower-bed of the arena, where every face is turned towards the orchestra as flowers turn toward the sun; but sometimes (and this is, alas, principally on English nights) you may

more resemble one of the few sad fallen leaves, harbingers of autumn, that now lie scattered on the grassy swards of Kensington Gardens across the way.

Promenade concerts in London have a century-long history behind them. It is a far cry now from the days of Monsieur Jullien (christened "The Mons" by that keen promenade Mr. Punch) who ranged all his double basses magnificently in front of the orchestra, specialized in monster quadrilles, and conducted Beethoven in white kid gloves brought to him on a silver salver, afterwards sinking exhausted on to a golden chair. Gone too are the early days at Queen's Hall when Robert Newman and a rising young conductor named Henry Wood first set forth to bring the treasures of music to everyone who could afford

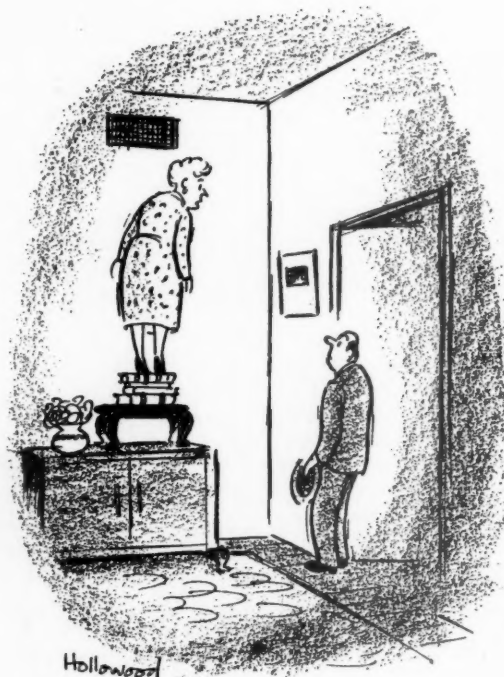
a shilling. The cornet solos and the ballads of those days have long disappeared from the programmes; Queen's Hall lies in ruins; and Sir Henry's beloved teddy-bear figure, with the gallant carnation ever in his buttonhole, no longer trundles into view from the mouth of the cavern leading to the artists' room, or returns thither to lead forth at arm's length a lady soloist in a manner that came to be known as the "Queen's Haul." But his portrait bust in bronze looks down on the fourth or fifth generation of those to whom he brought the music that to him was always "a benediction put within reach of human nature."

This year the conductors of the "Proms" are three—Sir Adrian Boult, Basil Cameron and Sir Malcolm Sargent, who conjures the music out of the scores outspread before him with hands that dip and hover, darting and weaving up and down, in and out, like a myriad dancing gnats. The orchestras are the B.B.C. Symphony, the London Symphony and the London Philharmonic.

Beethoven reigns in undisputed authority on Friday nights, as he always did; but Wagner has largely given way to Brahms and Tchaikovsky on Mondays and Bach has all but disappeared from the programmes. To compensate for this loss we have had a new work by Richard Strauss, Eugene Goossens conducting two of his own compositions, while a *Concerto Symphonique* by Bloch, new to London, is in prospect.

A ticket for the promenade is still at the pre-war price of two shillings; and if you have invested in a season ticket you can hear a total of forty-seven symphonies, fifty-four concertos, eighty-three miscellaneous works and twelve new ones, as well as sundry overtures and arias, at a cost of about a penny-three-farthings each. In London it is cheaper to listen to a symphony than to smoke a cigarette.

D. C. B.



"I felt I just had to get a breath of fresh air."

BOOKING OFFICE

Americana

THE picture of America circulated abroad by so many Americans is a Christmas-card mixture of Dickensian philanthropy, homely fun and beaming goodwill, which the unregenerate foreigner finds rather sickly. The kind of sugared sentimentality with which we tried to gloss over our own Industrial Revolution does not become attractive merely by becoming transatlantic. Not for us the delights of Mothers' Day, Junior's sleighbells and Pop's reminiscences of playing hookey to go clam-fishing.

Over here we find that it is the tough, cynical, mature and fertile America that has most of the charm and the talent, the America which, by having bright ideas and putting them rapidly into action, has served the rest of the world as well as itself. Like eighteenth-century England, it has had to pay a severe price in corruption, brutality and neglect of the weak, but at least the toxins have led to the production of antibodies, and where there's life there's fun.

Mrs. Janet Whitney's *Abigail Adams* is one of the Christmas cards. In this biography of the wife of the second American President and mother of the sixth, the atmosphere of cosy domesticity is laid on thick. Like other wives, Abigail kept house, bore children, saw them marry and nursed her family through illnesses. Perhaps she took more interest in public affairs than a later generation of women would have thought seemly, but Mrs. Whitney fails to establish her as a decisive influence on the period. However, when the blameless and uninteresting Abigail is temporarily forgotten for a straightforward narrative of John Adams's career, the book warms up, though the frank partisanship gives an odd effect, with Hamilton and Jefferson cast as joint villains of the deepest dye. One is left with the feeling that away from home Adams had a good deal of the ruthless enterprise for which we admire his countrymen.

Mrs. Mary Weston's *One American Child* shows the American wife at the other end of the nineteenth century. This "Beginning of an Autobiography" is a hard-hitting picture of a childhood made unhappy by a selfish and pleasure-loving mother who disliked her plain, imaginative daughter. It is a moving, and in parts very entertaining, account of a rebellion against conformity to the Advertisers' standard of social decorum; possibly the authoress's mother, with her pretty frocks and party manners, might have appealed to the Christmas-card artist, but it is she herself who will appeal to European taste.

There is nothing even faintly sugary about the world Mr. F. L. Allen recreates so vividly in *The Great Pierpont Morgan*. Dead emperors, like dead crooks, have a perennial fascination. In real life Morgan was a terrifying bully, intoxicated with loot and a gigantic snob; but we lap up the tale of his exploits as if he were a character in a fairy-story. Romanticizing dead power is a harmless indulgence provided that live power is not treated in the same way. By reducing them to bogies or prehistoric monsters, mankind gets its own

back on the supermen who have driven it, sometimes towards ruin, but always away from the stagnation in which other animals have stuck.

Morgan's hypnotic force in commercial negotiation, his absorption in the affairs of the Episcopate, his frenzied buying of any art treasures at any price, his semi-royal progresses and such whims as building a special boat in case he should ever feel like sailing up the Nile are good to read about and, somehow, curiously comforting. All triumphs of will encourage the human race.

Mr. Allen holds the balance fairly between the advantages to American development of Morgan's amalgamations and monopolies and the price in human happiness that was paid. Within narrow limits he was an aggressively honest man, cleaning out the horde of cheap crooks who battered on the early railway boom, and conducting most of his business on a basis of firm trust in proved associates. When he thought he had saved the country in the Cleveland Gold Reserve crisis, he felt quite entitled to take a cut which made him one of the richest men in the world, and it was doubtful if he ever understood the criticisms which were made of him and which, towards the end of his life, rose to a howl of international execration.

Mr. Allen's "Only Yesterday" was an amusing and affectionately critical record of the period between the Armistice and the Slump. His new book traces back some of the weaknesses which led to the depression and also some of the virtues which helped to win the first World War. Insipid goodfellowship and naïve goodwill were not among them.

R. G. G. PRICE



"How's that one for weight, sir?"

Theatre of To-day

For a small book, Dr. Ernest Reynolds' *Modern English Drama* covers a great deal of ground. It is exceptionally well documented and describes technical stage developments and trends in theatre administration as well as (its main subject) the work of the dramatists of the last fifty years. Designed for students rather than the casual playgoer, this is a book deserving of a place on any theatre shelf, for it is by a penetrating critic with an encyclopædic fund of knowledge. Balanced on the whole, he is, however, less than fair to Priestley, whom he dismisses in a few lines, not mentioning the adroit "Dangerous Corner" or the fact that, whatever posterity may think of this author's more serious plays, he can write very shrewd light comedy. Nor does Dr. Reynolds mention "Hay Fever" in his much fuller dismissal of Coward; and a grave omission from his otherwise excellent chapter on plays by poets is Christopher Fry.

E. O. D. K.

Towards Freedom

Designed by his father to be a famous poet, or alternatively a bishop, and constrained by his mother in a frame of rigid religious sectarianism, the man who perhaps more than any other was to mould the thought of his generation grew up in circumstances little favourable, it might seem, to nurture original thinking. He was shadowed too by ill-health, and woefully ill-fated in his affections, yet from his pen came some of the fairest prose in the language, subtly exciting in its mere qualities of rhythm and texture; while his constructive criticism brought back, if only for a time, beauty and truth to English painting and his passing commentaries on the social condition of the country made him the spiritual founder of the Labour Party. Mr. Derrick Leon's study—*Ruskin, the Great Victorian*—published posthumously, is something more than a biography. It is an appraisal of a great genius by a kindred mind.

C. C. P.



"What shall I put for a P.S.?"

Out of the Pit

Mr. Nigel Dennis's *Boys and Girls Come Out to Play* is not, as one would suppose, a light-hearted skit on a holiday resort, but a vigorous, intelligent, and diverting account of a young epileptic's fight to reach maturity, manhood and self-respect despite all the disadvantages of being an invalid. It belongs to the genre of the intellectual novel of ideas; consequently, though the characters are sharply observed and analysed—the boy-hero Morgan is alive, so is Divver the idealistic, worthless, and competent journalist, so too are the host of minor characters—Mr. Dennis fails where atmosphere or places are concerned. The author's imagination is not as strong as his eye for other people's foibles and his acute ear for dialogue. And here, certainly, Mr. Dennis excels himself; for when he comes to setting his characters into conflict with one another the reader can be certain that he will not relinquish the book until the last pretension and the final flake of self-respect have been stripped from the actors.

R. K.

An American Pilgrim's Progress

The author of *Elected Silence*, who is an American Trappist monk of four-and-thirty, describes his artist father and mother as resenting their captivity in what Evelyn Waugh's preface calls a world "made uninhabitable by scientists and politicians." "The integrity of the artist's life," Thomas Merton insists, "lifts a man above the world without delivering him from it." Only the integrity of the saint achieves this deliverance. In steeling yourself for sanctity, however, you must needs forgo some of the lighter panoply of the artist; and that perhaps is why this curiously dehydrated autobiography is unlikely to be read twice by the same reader. Its writer has discovered the service that is perfect freedom; but seems never to have possessed—and now, though he gets something better, never will possess—the natural sagacity and zest for life that recommend such mystical experiences as St. Teresa's to those who do not share her faith.

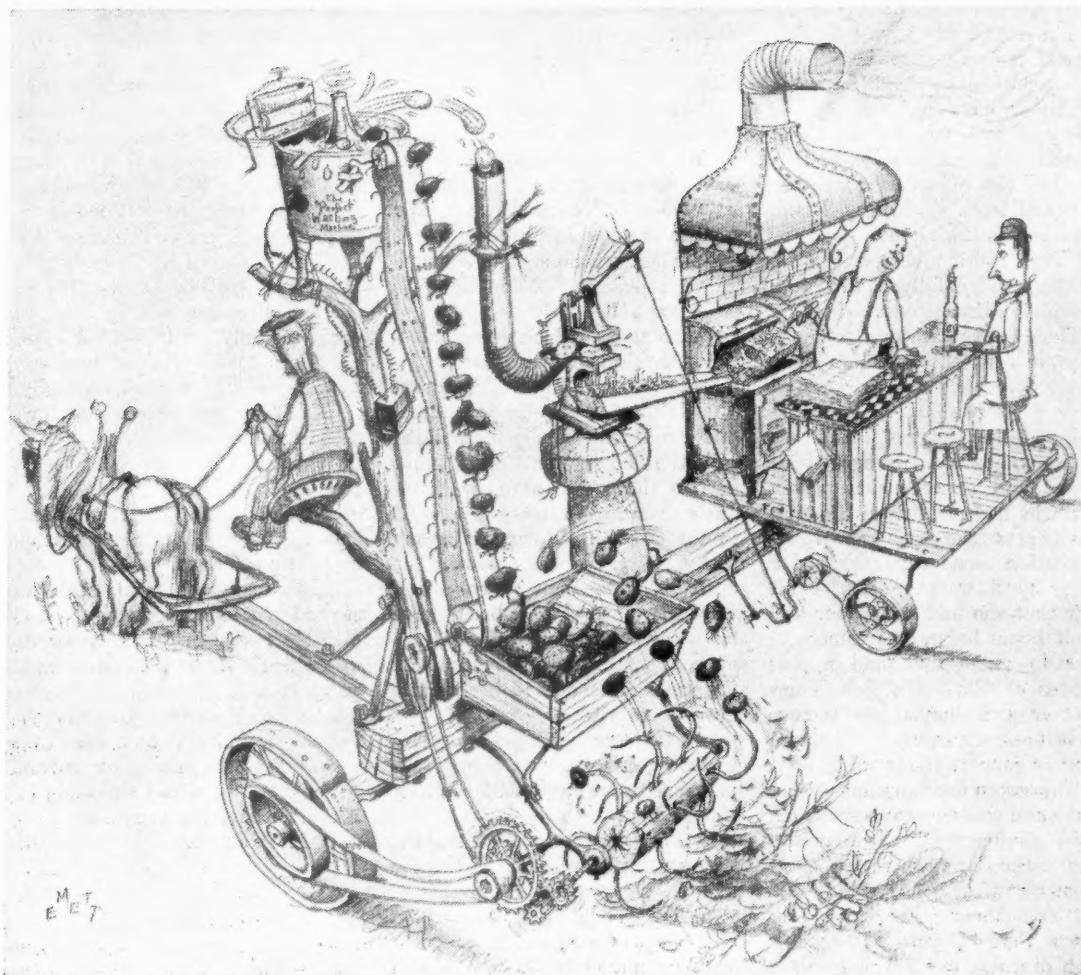
H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- Abigail Adams*. Janet Whitney. (Harrap, 15/-)
One American Child. Mary Weston. (Wingate, 8/6)
The Great Pierpont Morgan. Frederick Lewis Allen. (Gollancz, 15/-)
Modern English Drama. Dr. Ernest Reynolds. (Harrap, 10/6)
Ruskin, the Great Victorian. Derrick Leon. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30/-)
Boys and Girls Come Out to Play. Nigel Dennis. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 11/6)
Elected Silence. Thomas Merton. (Hollis and Carter, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

Latest King Penguins (2/6 each) include *Life in an English Village*, sixteen coloured lithographs—and five pen drawings—by Edward Bawden, with an introductory essay by Noel Carrington; *Popular Art in the United States*, by Erwin O. Christensen, with colour and half-tone illustrations from the Index of American Design in the National Gallery of Art at Washington; and two of ostensibly more specialized interest (though the pictures in both will please most people who like subtle colour and design, and the text is aimed at the general reader), *British Reptiles and Amphibia*, by Malcolm Smith, illustrated by Paxton Chadwick, and *Some British Beetles*, by Geoffrey Taylor, illustrated by Vere Temple.



"Yes, a plain potato lifter's all very well, but science can't stand still—we just had to complete the cycle."

GLORIANA'S FILM TEST

HOW my sister Gloriana managed to get herself tested for the movies is not very clearly understood. In the family we have kept the whole thing quiet, hoping that it might blow over. However, the test has taken place, and the result has even been seen on the screen, so it seems that little purpose is likely to be served by further concealment.

We all went to Wardour Street after tea; Alexandrina and Theodore, Auguste, Hereward, Gloriana herself and me, in a taxi, and

several friends and relations in a pale-grey jeep labelled "U.S. Navy" and driven by an American friend of Gloriana's called Thompson. At the front door of London English Productions, Ltd., we were received by a Mr. Bein. Gloriana introduced us all and we ascended in the lift.

Arrived on an upper floor we were conducted to one of those little cinemas that it would be nice to have in one's home if one were fond of the cinema, all deep sofas and plush. There was much excited chatter, except from Hereward

who, as Gloriana's husband, was perhaps more silent than he has been at any time since he left the submarine service.

"Are we all ready?" Mr. Bein inquired.

"Yes," said Theodore. "News first, I suppose?"

Mr. Bein waved a hand and clicked his fingers. We were plunged in darkness, a shaft of light darted out from a hole in the wall behind our heads and a picture appeared on the screen. It showed a pair of hands holding a clapper-

board. You know the things? They are like small blackboards, with diagonal stripes somewhere, and they open at one end with a hinge and shut with a snap. Clever idea. With your eyes you see the thing happen; with your ears you hear it. Thus you can tell at once whether the sound track is starting at the same time as the picture.

"They call it a clapper-board," said Gloriana helpfully, so drowning the sound of the clapper.

There she was now on the screen, in a two-shot, medium close, with Walter de Prong, the beloved player of something or other (I don't go to the pictures much). We in the audience were agog with interest and apprehension. Even those who had not helped Gloriana to rehearse the well-known reconciliation scene from *Cyclists of Cathay* until we were sick of it knew that she had spent four and a half hours before the camera in order to make four and a half minutes of film. Mr. Bein knew also how many hundreds of pounds this had cost the studio. He looked about as glum as Hereward.

The screen Gloriana opened her mouth and was seen to be speaking. When she stopped there was a pause before the words came, as follows:

"You know, Ephraim, I've always thought you were pretty much of a rat, but I suppose even

rats have their uses. They tell you when a ship is going to sink."

"No sink!" Mr. Bein exclaimed loudly.

"Hush," murmured Theodore soothingly. "It's only a picture."

Mr. Bein swivelled himself round on his sofa.

"No sink," he said again, this time to the hole in the wall.

"What you no sink?" Auguste inquired politely. "You no likee photograph?"

"He means," Gloriana explained, "that the film is out of sync."

"Is that so?" said Thompson.

"It's a double-headed film," said Mr. Bein, as the picture faded and the lights went on. "That means that the sound-track is separate and has to be synchronized to the picture. We got it wrong that time and it was non-sync."

The lights went down again. Once more the clapper-board gave no clear indication of what to expect, as it made no sound at all. When Gloriana opened her mouth, however, words came too.

"Oh," she said, in the rich baritone of Walter de Prong, "so you don't give me credit even for being a man."

"No sync!" cried Theodore, Auguste, Alexandrina, Thompson and I. Hereward said nothing.

They got it right eventually, and the suspense in the last few feet was not quite like anything I

have ever before seen on the screen. At about the point in the script where *CAMERA tracks in to BIG C.U.* Gloriana began slowly to turn her back on the camera. Some craned their necks unconsciously in the effort to keep her face in view, and you could have heard the thrust of Hereward's pencil as he tried to do a crossword puzzle by the light reflected from the screen. The de Prong chap kissed her in the end of course, but by then we could see only the top of her head.

When it was all over there was a great deal of discussion, naturally.

"Darling, you were wonderful," said Alexandrina.

"But she can act a bit," said Auguste, "I think."

"Good diction, too," said Thompson (which is his Christian name, by the way).

Theodore was critical. Mr. Bein seemed pleased on the whole and asked us all to have a drink, at which Hereward brightened perceptibly.

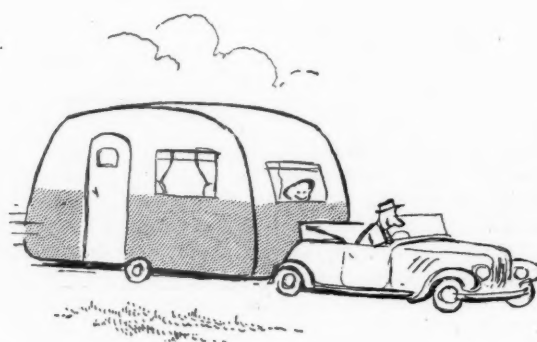
I asked Hereward if he thought his wife would ever be a star. He regarded me in silence for several seconds and then said (speaking for the first time that evening):

"Me no sink."

5 5

Riverside Notes

"For Sale—8 ft. pram complete with oars."—*Advt. in Scottish paper*



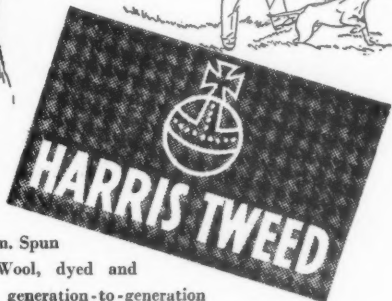
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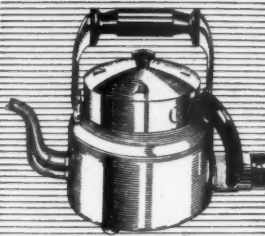


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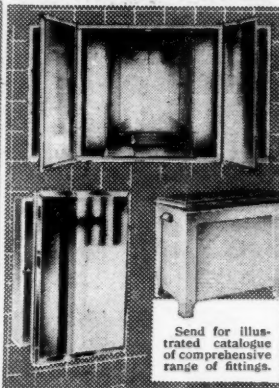
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EASTBOURNE, Bobby & Co. Ltd.
EDINBURGH, Jenners Ltd.
EXETER, Colson's Ltd.
FOLKESTONE, Bobby & Co. Ltd.
GLASGOW, Rowans Ltd.
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HALIFAX, Arthur Farrar & Co.
HULL, Thornton-Varley Ltd.
IPSWICH, Frederic Corder & Son Ltd.
JERSEY, A. de Gruchy & Co. Ltd.
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LINCOLN, Mawer & Collingham Ltd.
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MARGATE, Bobby & Co. Ltd.
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SOUTHSEA, Handleys Ltd.
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WIGAN, Pendlebury & Co. Ltd.
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16, Grosvenor Street, London. W.1.



Gertie goes in . . . BUT

Miss Gertrude Dorothy Maud, M.A. comes out
(HEADMISTRESS OF ST. PINAFORE'S)

The last essay corrected, the day's work done, she relaxes in softened, perfumed water; while weariness drifts away from her like a heavy cloud dispersing. A bath with a Bathjoy in it is both rest and renewal, both treat and treatment. It never yet turned a schoolmistress into a queen—but it does make Gertie feel regal!

BATHJOYS BRD

— you used to call them Reckitt's Bath Cubes



**Decors
of today**

Found in the smartest
ships, hotels and private
homes—loose coverings
and hangings made by
"Old Bleach" Furnishings
Ltd. of Randalstown,
N. Ireland. All Old Bleach
Fabrics, whether piece-
dyed linens, screen and
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guaranteed fast vat colours.

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was produced"... by YOU**

WITH THE NEW Autochange Radiogram at your Command you can be your own producer, arranging a continuous forty-minute selection of records of your own selection or picking the best of the entertainment from radio stations on all wavebands, according to your own time and taste. Beyond this, you can be sure of reproduction of outstanding richness and quality and technical perfection and reliability always associated with Ekco products. At the price of 80 gns., which includes purchase tax, the ARG85 is more than value for money. Ask any Ekco dealer to prove it to you, or post the coupon below!



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MODEL ARG85 — powerful
5-valve all-wave superhet
radio with push-button and
manual tuning, autochange
gramophone unit handling
up to ten 10" or
12" records. **80** GNS.
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*What's in a
MAIN?*

The Cooker with the modern smoothline design—finished in beautiful Vitreous Enamel.

THE HOTPLATE hashigh-efficiency burners of different sizes for boiling and simmering and a griller which heats up very quickly. All taps, including the one for the oven, are at the front. They are spring-loaded safety type, and cannot be turned on accidentally.

THE OVEN The heat is controlled automatically by the patent MAINSTAT so that food is cooked without attention and with less gas. The oven fittings can be lifted out for quick easy cleaning.

See the latest Main models at the Gas Showrooms.

Grey Dapple and White or Cream & Black finishes, Chromium legs, or Plinth Base or Enamelled Cast-iron Legs.

MAIN

THE NAME IN GAS COOKERS

British housewives prefer..



'PRESTIGE' pressure cookers

From all good Stores and Ironmongers

A New British Industry

HUGE EXPORT INCREASE OF ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES

Report from Ministry of Supply

The following extract is made from a statement recently issued by the Ministry of Supply:—

"Britain's 1948 electric washing machine exports were more than 107 times the value of 1938 exports—£1,132,240 compared with £10,500 worth.

This increase is not only an important contribution to the nation's recovery, but it establishes an industry which scarcely existed pre-war.

One firm last year exported nearly 58,000 machines to 25 countries, including hard currency countries such as

Belgium, Switzerland and the Argentine. . . .

This state of affairs, although largely the result of encouragement to producers by the Ministry of Supply, is primarily a story of determination and foresight by the manufacturers themselves.

They have incorporated new ideas and devices and have shewn initiative in sending representatives abroad to discover the requirements of other countries."

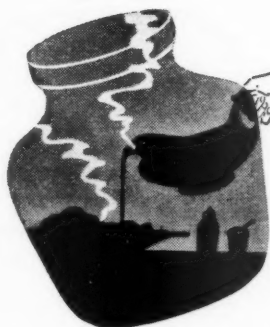
Hoover Limited derive considerable satisfaction from the knowledge that they have played a leading part in establishing this valuable new industry. Their recently built factory at Merthyr Tydfil is entirely devoted to the manufacture of electric washing machines.

HOOVER LIMITED

Factories at PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX • CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND
MERTHYR TYDFIL • HIGH WYCOMBE



FOCUS ON GRAVY!



OXO WORKS WONDERS!

Rich, beefy gravy,
quickly and easily made



For Deep Restorative Sleep

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

The World's Best Night-cap

*—and note
the
Difference!*



Remember

Quality has made **Ovaltine**

the most widely used Food Beverage

P.727A

DO you wake up in the morning really refreshed—bright-eyed and buoyant? If not, your sleep has not been as deep and restorative as it should be.

A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help you—as it helps countless thousands—to enjoy the best kind of sleep every night. This deep, restful sleep comes in an entirely natural way, for 'Ovaltine' is prepared only from Nature's finest foods.

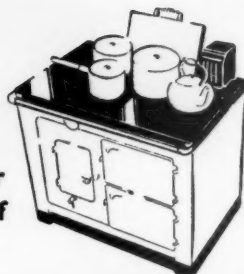
The special, soothing nourishment which 'Ovaltine' provides, relieves nervous tension, influences relaxation of body and mind, and quickly prepares the way for sleep. Moreover, that same concentrated, easily digestible nourishment reinforces strength and energy while you sleep.

That is why 'Ovaltine' at night can make such a difference to the way you feel in the morning.



ESSE

**the modern cooker
that pays for itself**



Cooking is a pleasure with an ESSE. The hotplate is extra fast-boiling and in every ESSE there are at least two ovens, one for roasting and one for slow-cooking. Both hotplate and ovens are always hot 24 hours a day.

As for fuel saving! Headaches about bills are banished with an ESSE. For example, the No. 3 Fairy illustrated cooks for six and supplies constant hot water on, approximately 26 lbs. of coke in 24 hours. Compare this with your pre-

sent fuel bills for cooking and water heating. For larger demands there are ESSE models with separately fired water heaters.

Refuelling is particularly simple. The filling-plug is removed and coke nuts 'poured' into the hopper from the handy hod supplied. Anthracite and Phurnacite are also suitable.

Other standard features are—thermostatic control, thermometer, towel rail and shining porcelain enamel finish.

QUICK DELIVERY. Write for details. Hire Purchase arranged.

The ESSE COOKER Company
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
Head Office: Bonnybridge, Scotland
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1
and Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

W I D E N

your summer horizon by rail

This summer, on holiday or at home, take advantage of the special facilities which British Railways offer you. Get more enjoyment, get further afield—and do it comfortably and inexpensively. Here are some outstanding examples of attractive rail facilities:

SUMMERTIME CHEAP TICKETS

for day trips; issued within a 30-mile radius of certain big towns

WALKING AND CYCLING TOURS

Outward to one station and returning from another—you make the choice.

RUNABOUT TICKETS

give you unlimited travel over wide areas in holiday districts

COMBINED TOURS

travel in holiday districts by train, coach and/or steamer

EXCURSIONS

run between important towns on Saturdays and Sundays, to resorts, and in connection with certain special events.

Enquire at your local station, office or agency where you can learn if these special facilities apply from your station

BRITISH RAILWAYS

SENIOR'S

FISH & MEAT PASTES

*What is named
on the Label
is found in
the Jar!*



Health rest beauty
CHELTENHAM
SPA

Take your holiday in the centre of the Cotswolds where peaceful surroundings and first-class Hotels provide healthful rest, Entertainment and Sport for all.

For Rail Services, enquire at stations, offices or agents

See for Free Guide to Dept. M Town Hall

QUENCHY QUESTIONS

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

Vegetable.

Can you eat it?

No.

Can you drink it?

Yes.

Is it made in any particular county?

Yes.

Is it made in Devon?

Yes.

Is it Devonshire Cream?

No.

Is it nice and sweet?

Yes.

It's cyder!

Yes.

Let's have a recap. It's made in Devon, it's nice and sweet and it's cyder...

Yes.

Then it must be
WHITEWAY'S
CYDER

MEDIUM—SWEET OR DRY



**"... a credit to you
on BENBOW'S!"**

Ever since 1835 breeders of champions have relied on Benbow's to bring their dogs to perfect condition and to keep them on top of their form.

*In bottles, cans or capsules from corn stores, pet shops and chemists.



BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE

10, STATION ROAD, SHORTLANDS, KENT

*however
you travel*

BY RAIL, ROAD, AIR OR SEA
'TRAVIKALM'
TRADE MARK
GENATOSAN TRAVEL-SICKNESS
TABLETS

*will prevent
travel sickness*

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/6d.

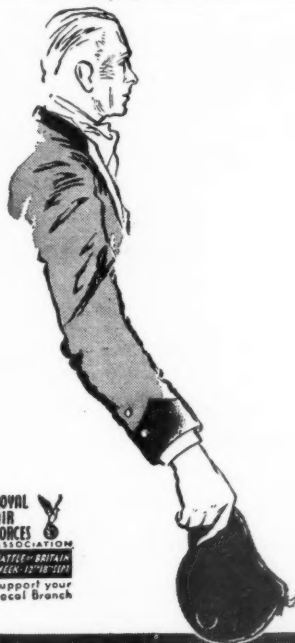
Fairway
to New York



It's time you flew **K.L.M.**

It's always beautiful weather when you're flying 3 miles up, high across the Atlantic. That's the smooth, easy travel route of the luxurious K.L.M. Constellations, which provide air travel at its level best to New York. Food and drinks are free on board, plus the unrivalled K.L.M. service.

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Table Radiogram
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can be yours
for the astonishingly
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N.P.25

Parsons rule with a rod of CHAIN

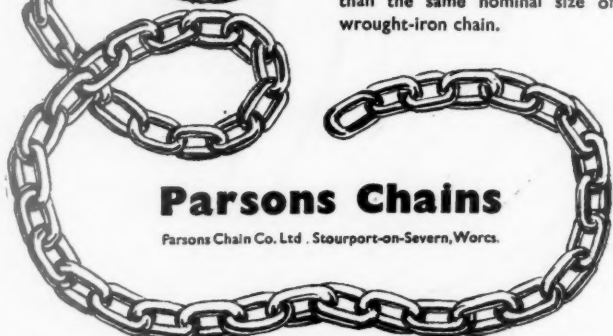
but it isn't... IRON!



Parsons 'HIGH TEST' chain is hardened and tempered STEEL Chain.

We rule that our 'HIGH TEST' chain when tested to destruction must, before breaking, stretch to a point at which the links bind on each other: in effect become a rod.

Parsons 'HIGH TEST' chain is 50% stronger and 20% lighter than the same nominal size of wrought-iron chain.



Parsons Chains

Parsons Chain Co. Ltd. Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs.

INCENTIVE MEANS BETTER TYRES

Marked man or man of mark

ONLY when this man's trained eye and searching fingers have passed a tyre fit for the road, does he apply his own special mark. At the same time, he is marking himself. A Henley tyre returned for any reason can be traced back to the inspector who allowed it to go.



HENLEY's make full use of the most modern machinery and production methods. Yet at many stages, quality of the finished tyre rests with eye, hand, and the mind behind them.

The Henley Co-operative Award Scheme was introduced to make good workers extra keen. The better the work, the higher the pay.

Since the scheme began, men

and women all out to improve their rating have raised the standards of workmanship till today the quality of Henley tyres is higher than ever before.

Extra incentive means finer workmanship. Finer workmanship makes Henley tyres better than the good tyres they have always been. Supplies are good now. Ask your dealer.

HENLEY TYRES
BUILT WITH INCENTIVE

HENLEY'S TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED,
MILTON COURT, DORKING, SURREY. Works: GRAVESEND, KENT.

AT YOUR
DEALERS NOW
—NO SHORTAGE

*You really
would
be shocked...*



... by some of the pathetic people I see on my beat. Women as well as men — friendless and forsaken by everyone. By everyone? Well no: because ...

where there's need — there's The
SALVATION ARMY

Gifts please to:

General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E., 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4



All you need for a
LUXURY
DRY SHAVE
is a beard and a

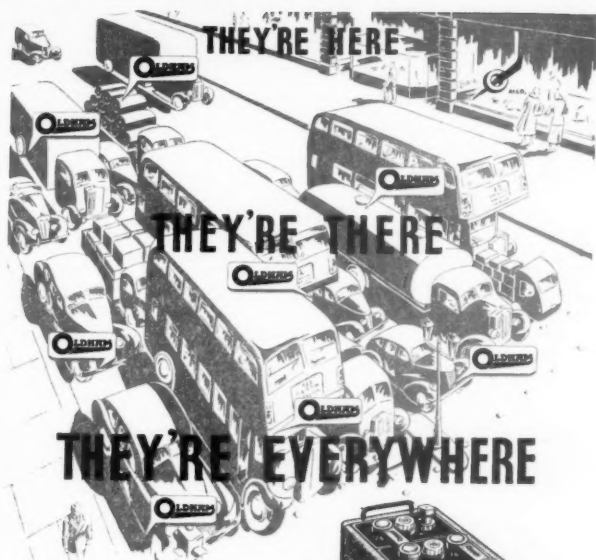
VICEROY

No water, blades, soap or brush — nothing but a Viceroy Electric Dry Shaver for the smoothest dry shave ever. The Viceroy is 87/1d (inc. tax). The Viceroy NON ELECTRIC Dry Shaver is ideal where electricity is not available, is 78/4d (inc. tax).

Made by ROLLS RAZOR LTD.

The Rolls Razor of Dry Shavers

Sales, Works and Service: Cricklewood, N.W.2. Showrooms: 193 Regent St. W.1 (callers only)



*The Batteries
with power
to spare*



OLDHAM & SON LTD - DENTON - MANCHESTER ESTABLISHED 1865



Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby, England



Mmm! That ...



must be ...



that ...



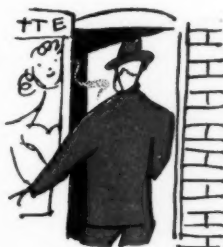
can only be ...



yes ...



it is ...

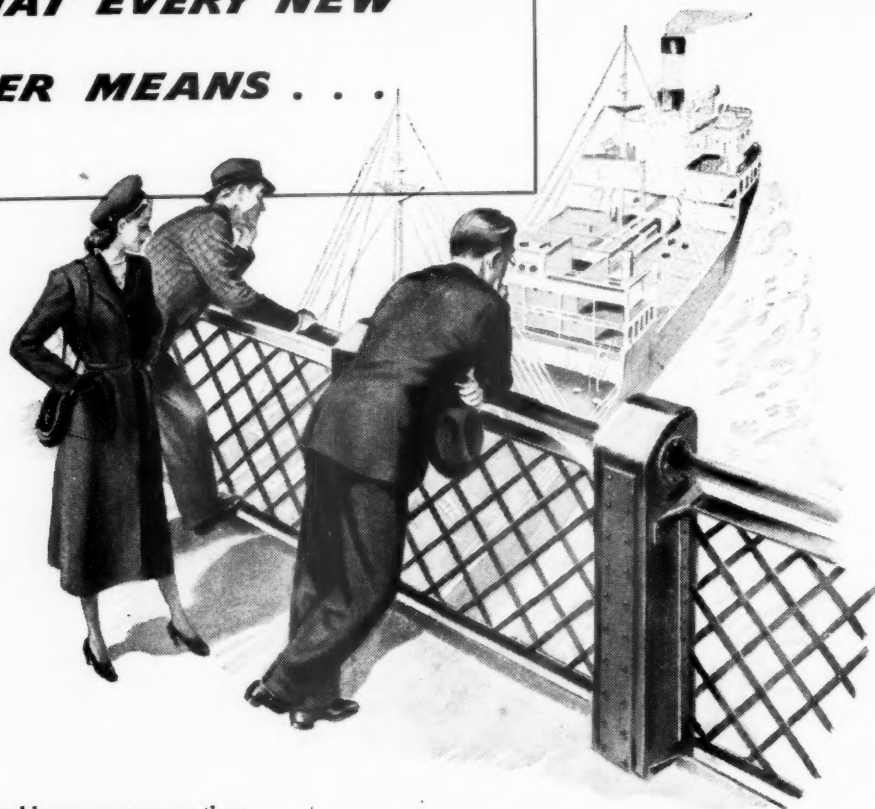


ABDULL... A(b)!



No. 7 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10
ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

WHAT EVERY NEW TANKER MEANS . . .



Every day the world consumes more than 9 million barrels of oil—the biggest demand in history! That is why every new tanker means so much.

The farmer needs petroleum products to fuel and lubricate his tractors and other machines. He also gets many of his best fertilisers and insecticides from petroleum.

Petroleum helps the housewife with heating, cooking, and cleaning and provides accessories from make-up to plastic handbags. The business man sees petroleum as power and lubrication for motor transport, industry, and aviation.

Petroleum, in fact, enters into every facet of

modern existence and higher standards of living bring ever increasing demands for it. To help to meet this need, Esso construction programmes are being pushed night and day all over the world. Tanker fleets are being expanded. New tankers, half as large again as those in general use are being completed—some with a speed as high as sixteen knots. New pipelines, refineries and storage tanks are also being built. The result will be bigger supplies of petroleum and a better life for all of us.

It pays to say



ANGLO - AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED